

BRITAIN AND HER OFFSPRING.

By Andrew Carnegie.

3491



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.  
THE ARABKLYAN PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.



**SAVES TIME  
TO BUY OR SELL  
THE  
BOSTON  
GARTER**

**KNOWN TO EVERYBODY  
WORN ALL OVER  
THE WORLD**


MADE WITH  
*Velvet Grip*  
CUSHION  
RUBBER BUTTON  
CLASP

OF ANY DEALER, ANYWHERE  
or Sample Fr., Cotton, 25., Silk, 50c.  
Mailed on Receipt of Price

**GEORGE FROST CO.  
MAKERS, BOSTON**

**OVER 30 YEARS THE STANDARD  
— ALWAYS EASY —**

**VISIT OUR NEW**



**UPHOLSTERY  
DEPARTMENT**

**WHITNEY'S**

**Temple Place and West Street  
BOSTON**

## **GRAND HOTEL NEW YORK CITY**

### **A Famous Home, with a NEW ANNEX**

**On Broadway, at 31st Street. One block  
from Pennsylvania R. R. Terminal**

**Personal Baggage to and from  
Pennsylvania Station free**

A house made famous through its splendid service, and personal attention to patrons—the Grand counts its friends by the thousands. Army and Navy people stop here, as do all experienced travelers. For more excellent living facilities, quiet elegance and *sensible prices*, are hardly obtainable elsewhere.

As for transportation facilities, New York's subways, elevated and surface cars are all practically at the door. Theatres and shopping districts also immediately at hand. Splendid Moorish dining rooms are but one of the many famous features of the New Annex.


#### **ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF**

**Rates—\$1.50 Per Day, Upwards**

**GEORGE F. HURLBERT  
President and General Manager**

Also The Greenhurst on Lake Chautauque, P.O. Greenhurst, Jamestown, N. Y., open May 1 to November 1. Fine large automobile stalls.

**Guide to New York (with Maps) and Special  
Rate Card—sent upon request**



**Goodspeed**  
54 Park Street  
Boston

**Anything that's a book**

### **Rare Books Prints and Autographs**

**THE PLACE TO BUY OR SELL**

**Catalogues issued monthly and mailed on  
request**

V

T

ect



S

on





# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME LI.

No. 3491 June 3, 1911

FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXIX.

## CONTENTS

I. Britain and Her Offspring. <i>By Andrew Carnegie</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	579
II. The Rising Crime-Rate. <i>By Henry Leach.</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	584
III. Fancy Farm. Chapters I. and II. <i>By Neil Munro.</i> (To be continued)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	589
IV. Taming Animals. <i>By Frederick Boyle.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	599
V. Compulsory Science versus Compulsory Greek. <i>By Sir Ray Lankester</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	606
VI. Retaliation.	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	619
VII. The Gardens of Chaucer and Shakespeare. <i>By J. E. G. de M.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	625
VIII. The Race to the South Pole: Letter from Dr. Nansen.	TIMES	630
IX. The Scandalous Affair of My Umbrella. <i>By Eric</i>	PUNCH	632
X. The Situation in Morocco.	SPECTATOR	633
XI. The Drama of the Insects.	NATION	635
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. The Great Galleon. <i>By John Aston</i>	SPECTATOR	578
XIII. "Who Can Tell How Oft He Offendeth." <i>By Anna Bunston</i>		578
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		637



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## THE GREAT GALLEON.

[“The operations in Tobermory Bay carried on so successfully for the past three weeks have now been temporarily discontinued until stronger suction plant, capable of dealing with the immense masses of shells which cover the Armada galleon, have been constructed and put on board a more powerful salvage vessel. The construction of the new machinery will entail a delay of fully six weeks, so that operations will not be resumed in all likelihood before Christmas.”—*Daily Paper*, October 29th.]

We left the Tagus banks behind and  
shores of pleasant Spain,  
Our gallant great Armada, to sail  
across the main,  
And never a one among us recked that  
we should lie to-day  
Down among the dead men in Tober-  
mory Bay.

We saw the pennons flaunting, heard  
the loud bells ring  
To celebrate the mightiness of our Most  
Christian King;  
Our fleet it was invincible. But now  
our bones we lay  
Down among the wreckage of Tober-  
mory Bay.

Upon our silent culverins gross barna-  
cles must feed:  
For chains upon our necks hang tan-  
gled skeins of waterweed:  
Through the sockets where our eyes  
once shone the cod and conger play  
Down among the dead men in Tober-  
mory Bay.

Above our heads the perilous Atlantic  
combers surge,  
But here we lie unheeding their full  
tempestuous dirge:  
We joy not in the sunset nor heed the  
break of day  
Down amid the twilight of Tobermory  
Bay.

The noble and the base, we sit to-  
gether, and we keep  
All in the clammy ooze and slime a  
brotherhood of sleep,  
Hidalgos of Valladolid and beggars of  
Biscay,  
Down among the dead men in Tober-  
mory Bay.

We lie in powerless splendor, to lord it  
o'er our wreck,

And listen to the shuffling of the diver's  
feet on deck.

Our swords are rust-devoured, our  
armor riven to decay,  
Down amid the shells and sand of  
Tobermory Bay.

We prized and hugged our honor that  
you hold to-day so cheap:  
You pick and pry and fumble and you  
wound that honor deep.  
Our everlasting curses shall the sacri-  
lege repay,  
Down among the dead men in Tober-  
mory Bay.

We shall hear the archangel's trumpet  
and the loud bells boom,  
When we rise before the Judgment-seat  
to meet the Day of Doom.  
But, till that day arises, let us slum-  
ber, let us stay  
Down amid our comrades in Tobermory  
Bay.

Oh vex us not, oh leave us here to our  
ashamed repose,  
And yield us not again unto the taunt-  
ing of our foes.  
Oh vex us not, but leave us in our sol-  
emn sea-array  
Down among the dead men in Tober-  
mory Bay.

*John Aston.*

The Spectator.

---

“WHO CAN TELL HOW OFT HE  
OFFENDETH.”

Whenever humbly I begin  
To search my heart and own to Thee  
My great perversity and sin,  
Thou hinderest me.

How can I tell what evil drifts  
Beneath the bench, behind the door,  
When, everywhere I turn, Thy gifts  
Fill all the floor?

Miserere is not said  
Ere Benedictus is begun;  
O visit not upon my head  
What Thou hast done!

*Anna Bunston.*

## BRITAIN AND HER OFFSPRING.

The Motherland, God bless her! has had a long and illustrious history marked by many vicissitudes. Even in recent times the struggle for the right of the people to rule has culminated more than once only upon the brink of revolution, as the earlier struggles did between King and Nobles. It has not been her usual policy to meet such issues directly. When it became necessary, for instance, to revolt against absolute monarchy, instead of direct attack, after the French method, our wiser forefathers preferred a flank movement, which, by retaining monarchy, avoided revolution. The king was accepted, together with the doctrine that as the Lord's anointed he could do no wrong, with the result, inevitable as that night should follow the day, which was soon discovered, that he could not therefore be allowed to do anything. The king was required to swear that he would take the advice of his ministers appointed by a majority of the House of Commons. Hence, the triumphs of the flank movement and of constitutional monarchy.

It is significant to note in these days of dispute between the hereditary and elected chambers that, strange to say, the House of Lords was ignored in this vital constitutional change. The elected chamber, the House of the people, assumed sole and sovereign sway over the monarch. Never was a more drastic device applied, yet one withal so simple and direct that it has never been questioned, and apparently never can be while the monarchical system endures.

Centuries ago, having invested one chamber with the sole power to appoint His Majesty's advisers whom he must obey, yet notwithstanding its success, to hesitate in our day to trust that same chamber with the final word in

legislation, would surely be swallowing the camel and straining at the gnat.

This transcendent power invested in the elected House settled the question and made constitutional monarchy from one point of view even more democratic than the republican form, for the elected head of a nation is necessarily possessed of great powers. Those of our American President, for example, far surpass those of any emperor to-day, and are clearly defined. He appoints the members of his cabinet, possesses the power of veto over legislation in peace (two-thirds majority required to overcome it), and in war instantly becomes Commander-in-Chief of Army and Navy; imprisons disloyal citizens without trial, and is responsible to no one except by impeachment. But let it be remembered no novice reaches the Presidency. The people who elect presidents know their men, who are not born to office; like British Prime Ministers, they must first achieve greatness.

To the native-born observer residing outside of the old home but ever deeply interested in it, she seems one of those strong old-fashioned, managing mothers of great sons, constitutionally opposed to change of any kind, especially to new-fashioned improvements; and hence remains a generation behind, notwithstanding her up-to-date daughters who set her a worthy example.

Let us contrast her with her offspring. Quite recently the *Times*, appropriately typifying the dear old lady, endeavoring to prove that the Republican idea was in our day giving place to the monarchical, instanced Canada "as seeing no reason why she should change her institutions for those of her Southern neighbor, the Republic." Quite true, for the irresistible reason that Canada has already her neighbor's

institutions and rejoices in them; no change is required. She has sole power over her Army and Navy as the Republic has. Her Prime Minister, under direction of her Parliament, alone directs these as the American President directs the forces of the United States. She makes treaties with other nations direct. Hereditary legislators are unknown, no peers reside in British Colonies as citizens. All British Colonies pay Members of Parliament, and require them to sit during the day and transact the business of State as their occupation while fresh and sober-minded, not as a social entertainment after dining. They pay no official election expenses. In all these matters they have American, not British, institutions. None of the Colonies know anything of that gross injustice, plural voting, which denies the equality of the citizen; neither of its fellow iniquity, unequal electoral districts. All Britain's children shun the example of the Motherland and adopt the Republic's electoral laws, one man's vote the equal of any other, the districts being equalized after each Census.

In the vital domain of religion, here again we find prevailing everywhere the precious element of religious equality; all religious sects fostered, none unduly favored by the nation. We find the old mother stolidly adhering to unfair discrimination in this, the most sensitive of all departments—the religious, the ministers of the unjustly favored sect holding themselves aloof from the other sects, refusing to exchange pulpits or to recognize equality, dividing the rural communities into opposing social factions, producing discord where all should be harmonious as in the other lands of our race. That no other English-speaking nation retains the odious system of preference of one sect by the State marks another wide

divergence between the Mother and her more progressive children in other lands, and one in which the American example stands pre-eminent. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the American Republic alike discard the example of the Motherland and treat all religious sects alike.

Public schools in all British Colonies are upon the American model, free from sectarianism, which is never permitted to produce such lamentable results as in some parts of the Motherland, dividing the people by maintaining schools belonging to or governed by the one favored sect. Catholics generally throughout the English-speaking lands send their children to the public schools because they find little or nothing to object to there, the elements of sectarianism being carefully eliminated in accordance with the spirit of this progressive age, which seeks to draw people together, not to divide them into quarrelling sects.

We find another ominous contrast in the land question, a serious problem indeed, in Britain, with its ancient primogeniture and entail, of which no trace is found in any of the new lands, the general custom there being to follow the law which, in the absence of directions, divides wealth equally among the children, the widow's dower of one-third generally obligatory. Here is an illustration of what is fair and just among the members of a family, no unjust discrimination to create feelings of disappointment or resentment among the members, the bonds of family love preserved and strengthened.

It seems impossible that the people of the old home can long tolerate primogeniture and entail, upon which every other English-speaking community has set its stamp of disapproval as unjust. Touching the land question in general, there is none of a serious nature yet in the new lands, with only a few inhabi-

tants per mile average, and even in the Republic not many over thirty, and all free for sale or purchase without any general restrictive law, taxes in all cases assessed according to value, whether town, city, urban or agricultural land, and whether fallow or under cultivation. Britain cannot follow entirely the example of her children in legislating upon the land question, conditions being different. Denmark seems to point the way to her for the solution of that problem. It is, however, significant that Australia already levies progressive taxation upon land holding, and charges non-residents higher rates than residents.

It is obvious that just as the masses grow in intelligence (and the school systems ensure this) they will demand in all lands and obtain a fairer distribution of the comforts, rights, and privileges of their day; especially is this true of men of our own race in the old home, who have before them the rights already enjoyed by their fellows in the other lands of their race. What the people of Canada, Australia, and America have to-day, the Britons will soon demand and obtain. Nor must we of the newer lands fail to remember how much beyond all that our fellow-men have now, they must, by a law of their being, steadily demand and obtain, especially a more equal distribution of wealth, under Adam Smith's law that citizens must contribute to the expenses of the State "according to their ability to pay."

We even in the new lands labor under no delusion in this matter; while the condition of the masses is infinitely better under the colonial system than under the British, there is to be no rest in the march of progress with us towards greater uniformity of material conditions. Political rights in the Republic and the Colonies all already enjoy; one man's privilege every man's right. This is perfect and cannot be

improved upon; it is final, because any change would produce inequality, the foe of democracy. No citizen of Republic, Dominion, or Commonwealth is denied equality under the law, his vote weighs as much as the millionaire's. His religion enjoys equality with all others. As child of his parents he shares equally under the law with his brothers and sisters. His rank is equal with others. Equality of citizenship is the foundation of a democratic State, and until this is reached in the old home rest is impossible. It should therefore be matter of serious consideration with all parties in the old home whether the lamentable condition of affairs as shown is to be permitted to differentiate more and more the Colonies and the Republic from the old Motherland, which seems unwise in retaining so many unjust measures, contrary to the spirit of the age, which tends to draw people together, not to divide them into classes.

Elections in the new lands occur at stated times, and in all cases for fixed terms of service; thus in the Republic members of the House serve for two years, the two State Senators for six, but these draw lots at the first election after a State is admitted into the Union, for a short or long term, two years or six; thus one-third of the senators have to appeal to the State legislatures for re-election every two years, and are thus kept amenable to public sentiment. All States vote upon the same day, and the presidential election occurring every second State election only requires an additional ballot to be cast. The result, unless unusually close, is known before the crowds retire, by midnight and generally earlier, even although between six and seven millions of votes are cast.

The fixed term of service gives the nation a respite between contests, and the party in power sufficient time to produce results, regardless of passing

gusts of passion. This feature is commended to the attention of the old home, where the leaders in Parliament resemble so many performers balancing themselves on the tight rope, liable at any moment to fall, the nation absorbed looking on. As no other English-speaking people follow the British but all follow the American plan, it may well be worth while for the old home seriously to consider the subject.

There remains another American institution which every British land has adopted, always excepting, of course, the dear old-fashioned mother. This is the Federal system, which Bryce pronounces the greatest contribution the Republic has made to the political world. The Republic now has forty-seven States, each with its own State legislature—not congress, please note, for this distinction is important. There is only one Congress, and that is over all, and it will be well for Britain to note this fact when she adopts devolution, for there is much in the name “Legislatures” for the parts, and in the word “Parliament,” being supreme, sacred, and reserved for the whole. How surprising, how strange it is for one to sit in the House of Commons, attracted as the writer was by an expected debate upon a question of international importance, only to find that the sewerage of a Midland city had precedence. It was said of the Nasmyth hammer when invented that it could forge anything from a pin to an anchor. So it seems to be with Parliament, but we never heard of the hammer being devoted to the trifling work of pin-forging. It was reserved for tasks worthy of it. So should the Mother of Parliaments be reserved for national and international problems worthy of her powers. Canada, Australia, the Transvaal have here all followed the example, not of the monarchy but of the Republic, and all enjoy the fruits of the American Federal

system. Since these have been promised to Ireland, it seems highly probable that the opportunity will be embraced to extend the same to England, Scotland, and Wales, thus bringing the whole English-speaking race under the Federal system. The closest government of the parts we find makes the strongest government of the whole, *i.e.* local resident people are the best governors of local affairs.

This general divergence of all her offspring in political conditions from those of the old home makes the Motherland appear to the onlooker a hen with ducks for chickens, spending her energies loudly cackling on the shore while her adventurous brood breasts the waves. The propensity which the stay-at-home Briton has so far shown for adhering to ancient laws has compelled her hardy sons abroad to look for guidance to Britain's first-born, the Republic, which has hewn her way to pre-eminence in political development, keeping up with the times, and not afraid to march forward.

An illustration of this British trait of aversion to change was until recently found in the tenacity with which British manufacturers held to old-fashioned machinery. When the United States broke all records in steel-making, her reported results were discredited, but after an interval one leading company engaged an American engineer to remodel their works and practice, and in due time others followed. In ship-building the same result ensued. We are informed that not one shipyard in Britain exists to-day which does not use American tools. Imagine a manufacturer who boasted to-day that he used the same tools his father did. Machinery that is old is *prima facie* evidence that it needs reconstruction and improvement, or should be discarded, and equally so with political institutions which are bound to improve or become useless. The proud boast of



the Briton is that his parliamentary system is centuries old, his not a written constitution as modern constitutions are in new lands, but handed down from precedent to precedent. When, however, the strain of modern conditions recently came to bear upon it, alas! the rickety old machine was found unequal to its work, and to-day, in order to meet the emergency, there is already in Parliament a written document which is without precedent, awaiting acceptance, very modern indeed and up to date, making sure record of the coming change. Nothing stands still, all moves forward in human society; that which has been, better than that which was, and that to come better than what exists to-day, constitutions not excepted. There is never a time in which one or more of the State constitutions in America are not being "improved," all constitutional changes, however, being submitted to a vote of the people.

We have seen that the antiquated institutions of the old home have compelled her sons abroad to follow the example of Britain's first-born, the American Republic, and now a constitutional crisis has arisen in the old home, created by the irrepressible conflict between the old and new political ideas—*Elective v. Hereditary Chambers of Legislation; Equality of the Citizen v. Hereditary Rank; Church of a Sect v. Equality of all Sects*. Fortunately, the grand old mother finds as of yore that she has worthy patriotic sons true to the sacred trust reposed in them, able and resolved to guide her in treading the true path of ordered political development, drawing her nearer and nearer to the standard attained by her worthy children who know nothing of hereditary privilege, or primogeniture and entail, religious preference, or inequality of citizenship.

None need fear the result; there will be no violence, no law-breaking—all

will be peacefully adjusted, the rich saving common sense of the race will secure strict adherence to law. The grand old Motherland, God bless her, is to renew her youth and add triumphs worthy of those of her glorious past, when she led the world in establishing the germs of constitutional government of the people, for the people and by the people, which her children in other lands have so successfully developed. Thus steadily, from this time forth, the dear old Mother and her children are to draw closer together in their political institutions, until our entire English-speaking race enjoy the blessings flowing from government founded upon the equality of the citizen, one man's privilege every man's right.

March 24, 1911.—Reading this proof to-day all seems so trifling, so unimportant, that the writer hesitates to send it for publication. Since it was begun, a bugle blast has blown which has startled the civilized world. A year ago we stood in the venerable Guildhall, London, and revealed to a crowded audience what President Taft has since dared to proclaim—*viz.*, all international disputes should be submitted to arbitration, questions of honor, territory, money, or anything else. Never did bugle blast affect the writer as that message did, upon reading it at the Grand Canyon, Arizona—Nature's grandest wonder. He immediately wrote to the bold President, hailing him as the foremost leader in the greatest of all causes, predicting that if he adhered heroically to this standard, and won, he would be the greatest ruler of men known to history, since no man can be credited with so sublime a world triumph as the expulsion from earth of brutal war, "the foulest fiend ever loosed from hell."

To read of the fervid conversion of Sir Edward Grey—usually so calm and

self-poised; of Mr. Balfour—Conservative leader—breaking irresistibly forth, revealing that in this holy cause he was no partisan, but a patriot, declaring that from no quarter would President Taft receive warmer support; of Mr. Redmond following in the same lofty strain; of the Archbishop of Canterbury from his lofty pedestal calling a meeting in Albert Hall and inviting prominent members of all sects to join with him in a service for what had come to pass; Canada and Australasia joining in the chorus of approval; to read every morning added proof that at last the dear old Homeland had been stirred to the heart, and that partisans, drawn together by the majesty of the cause, had united as patriots vying with each other in their devotion to the cause of blessed peace soon to prevail, when war (international) will be banished as duelling (private war) has been from within the wide boundaries of our race—all this caused the writer, wondering whether he was not dreaming.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

ing, to ask himself, "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?" Daily the cable added new proofs that our race in every land had felt the impress of a mighty power, lifting it into the higher regions where visions of the coming day are seen, when men "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and learn war no more, our own Republic grandly responding.

Should the writer be spared to see his native and adopted lands—Motherland and Wifeland—united hand in hand, never again to part, but ever to stand shoulder to shoulder leading the world in all that elevates man, human life will possess for him a charm unknown before, creating within him sweet grateful happiness for the blessing which makes earth to him a heaven, yea, almost leading him to murmur with bowed head, "Now let thy servant depart in peace."

*Andrew Carnegie.*

---

### THE RISING CRIME-RATE.

Nothing is more likely than that there will be more crimes committed in this country during the present year than during any previous period of twelve months. There will also be less complaint from the suffering-public. The list of offences against society and the law will be swollen chiefly by thefts and burglaries accomplished with careful intention and by well-practised system rather than by misdeeds of the savage and vulgar kind arising from bad instincts, degenerate natures, and uncontrollable excesses of passionate feeling. In which class are to be included bodily injuries maliciously inflicted by men upon men and women, manslaughter, and murder.

Probably the proportionate increase of these crimes will be greater in London than in other parts of the kingdom. Such predictions may be made with a very good confidence by those who are well acquainted with some of the circumstances and tendencies of the time in regard to criminal affairs and the attitude of the general public towards them. It was shown in a blue-book that was issued recently that the number of persons who were tried for indictable offences in the year 1909 was nearly seventy thousand, which exceeded any previous year except the one immediately before it, when there were about a thousand more. The figures for last year are not yet available;

but in the light of the circumstances and tendencies which have been referred to one should be prepared for another very probable increase—a record. Trade depression and shortage of work for the humbler classes are not enough to account for the growth of these criminal statistics; indeed, it is doubtful whether they should be allowed as the reason for any part whatever of the increase, since such conditions of trade and labor tend only to the committing of comparatively minor, and in a sense more excusable, offences such as the stealing of food and clothing needed for immediate use; and in a large proportion of cases there is a reluctance on the part of the sufferers—either through their sense of compassion or their desire not to be inconvenienced any further with a business which generally cannot be mended, and had therefore better be ended as quickly as possible—to prosecute. It is held also that the rising crime-rate is not due to an increase of habitual and regularly professional criminals. It is simply that criminality of a more or less casual kind has been more prevalent in the community; but of course, in the processes of time and habit, many of the offenders in these cases must develop into regular criminals.

The prophecy of a substantial increase during the present year is based partly on the general tendency towards increase as shown in the figures which have been published, and partly upon the fact that this year is to be one of great excitement, disturbance from the normal state of life, more numerous and prolonged absences of people from their homes, and a greater laxity of precautions for the safety of their belongings. This is because of the Coronation, which will bring the people from the country to London as nothing else has done since the Coronation of the late King. The crowning of

the monarch, and all the attendant ceremonies, celebrations, and displays, make the spectacle of a lifetime; and, happening as they do when London is at its best and brightest, they constitute a reason for coming up to town for a visit of a few days or weeks which is appreciably stronger than the reasons afforded in other seasons. Months ago, when the winter was only just begun, there were indications in London that a larger crowd of visitors was expected and was being prepared for than ever before. Apartments were even then being engaged very extensively for the summer months; and so noticeable was the demand in this respect that large numbers of people of a speculative disposition, particularly middle-aged and elderly ladies of the spinster and widow varieties, determined upon becoming temporary boarding-house keepers, and prospected about the suburbs, making seductive offers to private householders to take their furnished places from them for periods of from three to six months at rentals considerably higher than are generally obtained. London is more attractive as a show-place and a holiday resort in these present times than it has ever been before; and it is a circumstance that is becoming well understood and appreciated by the people outside, who realize that this year it must be most particularly attractive. Getting about the town is an easier, cheaper, and quicker matter than it used to be in days not long gone by, and the result is that more can be seen and done in a given space of time, and at less cost. Then there is more to see and more to do, and the attractions are better fitted to modern moods and tastes than was once the case. The change in some respects may not be altogether for the better; but it is certain that the proportion of visitors who are happiest in doing a round of calls at Westminster

Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the National Gallery, and an exhibition of waxworks is vastly smaller than it was in the closing days of the last century. Well, then, all this emptying of the provinces and the filling of London means that country homes will be left in a state of half or no protection, and people nowadays have less hesitation and less fear in this matter than their parents had, inasmuch as burglary insurance is a far more general thing. It also means that with all the crowds and crush in town, and all the hurry, excitement, and resulting carelessness, and all the ignorance of the various enterprising methods of metropolitan thieves, the latter will be busier and almost certainly more successful than during any previous season. No doubt they look forward to the Coronation with eagerness, in the belief that they will reap such a harvest as will keep them in a state of contentment for some time afterwards. The Coronation will be a good thing for all except the resident Londoner, who becomes more and more tired all the time of his Metropolis being turned upside-down, of its being more frequently invaded by more and more millions of sightseers from outside, and of the conditions of his existence being made more restless and uncomfortable. Not less in their loyalty and desire to display it on all suitable occasions than others are, the proportion of Londoners who will escape from town and rest themselves in quiet places until all the excitement is over will assuredly be a large one.

If the race itself is not degenerating, how does it come about that in modern times there should be great increase in crime, a most disquieting thing, and one which, considering the increasing perfection of our civilization, seems to be so utterly unreasonable and tantalizing? One explanation is given in a preface to the blue-book

to which reference has been made, and it may very likely be that this is the chief and the truest explanation, new as it will be to the majority of people who are brought to consider it. Mr. H. B. Simpson, of the Home Office, is responsible for it, and the essence of his statement is that crime in this country nowadays is virtually encouraged by the sympathetic attitude which is adopted by the public and the Press and writers in general towards criminals of all classes. Mr. Simpson says that no intelligent person can have failed to notice the marked growth during the last dozen years of a strong sentiment of compassion for the criminal. Among the various outcomes of this sentiment have been mitigations of prison discipline, the Probation of Offenders Act, and the establishment of the Borstal system. In the long-run these efforts towards the reclaiming of the criminal to the ways of honesty and industry may be fruitful in good; but the public sentiment at the present time in favor of making the lot of the criminal a happier and easier one than it is or has ever been undoubtedly, as Mr. Simpson urges, goes far beyond these efforts. There is commonly something in the nature of a subconscious feeling in favor of the abolition of all punishment of the criminal in each individual case; by which one means that though the public will state very plainly and very loudly that it is all in favor of adopting the most rigorous measures for the prevention of crime, it is a scandalous thing that in our excellent and well-managed England in these splendidly civilized days there should be so much of it, and that the public is all in favor of adopting the most painful of the boiling-oil methods for the punishment and suppression of the parasites of society, yet at the same time, as each new crime of a sensational character engages the public attention, there is a scarcely dis-

guised feeling of sympathy with the man who is in the dock or ought to be there. The people become interested in him, and then, through a very loose and maudlin way of thought, they arrive at the stage of a kind of ignorant pity and at least a half-desire that the villain may go free. They conceive him to be courageous, ingenious, daring and enterprising, and they find much excuse for him in the hardness of his lot and the provocation that he received. When a hue and cry is raised for an unarrested murderer, and the home and foreign police are searching for him everywhere for several days or even weeks in succession, there are always many nice people to say what a dreadful thing it must be to be hunted in this way, the whole world against the fugitive, and his life depending on the maintenance of his freedom; and beneath the surface of the mind there is a hope half-formed that the "poor beggar" may escape in the end, and nothing more be heard of the wretched business. If the great general public had its way, most of the murderers and malefactors would be stalking the land in open liberty, and, so far from suffering for their sins, would be having something done for them all the time, and would be in receipt of greater ease and pleasure in their lives than if the records of their conduct had been perfectly clean. This may appear to be a strong proposition, but it is undoubtedly the truth. During recent years there have been several murder trials which have excited unusual public interest, and have been reported to the extent of whole pages every day in the newspapers by reason of the fact that the devilish cunning and ingenuity of the accused have been such that it has been impossible for the law, with all its resources, to establish that clinching proof which is necessary for conviction and punishment, and the murderer, hav-

ing held his own in this terrific battle, there have been sighs of relief upon his ultimate success. When he has gone free he has been made much of, has been made an object of almost affectionate interest, has been given employment of a most highly remunerative character, earning as much in a week as he would have done in six months or more if he had not committed his crime. In such cases as we refer to now there could not be the slightest doubt in the minds of ordinarily sensible people, nor was there any doubt in the minds of the misguided sympathizers, that the objects of their concern were really guilty; but just one small particle of clinching legal proof was wanting, and so the villains were saved for themselves and given a certificate of "Not guilty." Surely in the light of various trials that have taken place in recent years we do require in England a third alternative verdict of "Not proven," as there is in Scotland, notwithstanding certain objections that are urged against it. Then in the most recent times there have been murders of a peculiarly atrocious character, the perpetrators of which, although they were duly convicted and put to death, would almost certainly have suffered a far less drastic fate if the jury had been the entire general public, each adult person having a vote, such were the absurd feelings of compassion stimulated. One cites murder cases because the offence and the punishment are each the worst in general estimation; but it is the same in regard to other crimes of the most serious character that attract the public attention, such as great forgeries, remarkable swindles, and burglaries done on the most extensive plan and in the most scientific manner. The people are full of pity for a bank clerk who has been robbing his employers for years because he explains that he has a wife and children, and after his first undis-

covered offence those subsequent were committed only with the object of getting himself straight again. A little while since the readers of the papers were fascinated by the tale of how a man went to several banks in the course of one day and cashed worthless cheques drawn by himself for large sums at all of them, explaining to each manager how his account was being transferred from another branch to that one. This was considered to be splendid, and there was great public sympathy with the perpetrator; while it was suggested that the banks deserved all that they had suffered, for that they should have a system which would have rendered such frauds as this and all others quite impossible.

But most of all do the public like a daring burglar, one of the kind who plan great hauls worth ten or twenty thousand pounds, and who, as they imagine, are men of fine breeding, education, and excellent instincts, who spend most of their time during the day in London clubs reading the speeches that have been made in Parliament, and in the most immaculate evening-dress leave a box at the opera in order to meet some of their colleagues and proceed as soon as convenient to the Jeweller's store in Piccadilly or Bond Street which is their next objective. Such men of the fancy are not considered as burglars at all. They are heroes, brave and clever gentlemen of the most perfect taste and manners, who are often considerate and generous to the point of weakness and absurdity in what they take away and what they leave for their victims, and the manner in which they carry out their operations. Their admirers have a feeling that these fine fellows would certainly be very delighted to die for their country on any occasion that was presented to them for doing so. Yet of course there are no more redeeming features in the characters and

actions of the best and nicest of our modern burglars than in those of their predecessors. Perhaps they are cleverer; for burglars, like other people, must move with the times, and they have come to understand that it pays best not to look in the least like a cracksman when not professionally engaged. It does seem that in these dull days, when there appears to be so little that is romantic in the ordinary affairs of life, the weary public, harder working all the time, tries to envelop all these mere crimes, all that are simply disgusting, with an atmosphere of romance; and while this attitude is held and even encouraged, as in some ways it is, according to Mr. Simpson, by those who are responsible in a measure for the guidance of public opinion, it is clear that the inducement for new recruits to join the ranks of the thieves and burglars must be considerable, and the danger not by any means exaggerated in the arguments and conclusions that Mr. Simpson has laid in his report. He says that in the magazines and newspapers that are ordinarily regarded as reflecting public opinion, articles on crime and punishment are commoner than ever they were, and the sentiment expressed towards the criminal is almost universally compassionate and often sympathetic to an extent that no previous generation has shown. "From some of the expressions used," he says, "it might almost seem that the reading public is on the side of the criminal as against the law. Tales that would be unhesitatingly rejected if they were told by a beggar in the street appear, when urged from the dock as an excuse for theft, to be received with much readier credulity." He quotes a case of a man who was fined for trespassing on a railway, and who pleaded that he was gathering flowers to lay on his father's grave. But it was shown that his father had been dead for five years, and that the



son was in the company of known poachers. The plea, however, took the sympathetic fancy of the public and the papers, and the story went on from one to another, getting better and better from the offender's point of view all the time, until at last it appeared in America with large headlines intended to mock at this sample of British justice thus: "Plucked Flowers for Father's Grave, and Eleven-year-old Boy is Jailed." Mr. Simpson urges that of all influences for the repression of crime the most potent is exercised not by the courts nor the police nor the prison authorities, but by public opinion. A community that no longer resented crime, he says, and had learned to feel nothing but compassion for the criminal, would in the course of time inevitably find itself faced by a flood of criminality against which police and prison authorities

Chambers's Journal.

would struggle in vain; and, though we are far at present from any such catastrophe, he considers it permissible to suggest that the steady increase of crime during the last ten years is largely due to a general relaxation of public sentiment in regard to it. To pose as being the victim of society rather than the enemy of it is becoming a much commoner thing with convicted criminals than it used to be. It is, by the way, shown in this blue-book that the real victims of the majority of thieves are not the richer classes, as the sympathizers with the victims might like to fancy, but the poorer ones. It is easier to rob the poor than the rich, and no sentiment stands in the way of the thief and the burglar in the prosecution of their objects, despite the fine feeling in such matters that is displayed by some of the hero-criminals of fiction.

Henry Leach.

## FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

### CHAPTER I.

This was our notion of a man, in Schawfield—that he should look like Captain Cutlass. This was our standard of gentility—a race as old and rare as Captain Cutlass's, a voice like his to kindle and command, and yet so kind for natural incapacity; an eye so brotherly for honest rags, a heart without guile, a hand to scatter, and a passion for home. When we were boys, and reading worldly books on Sabbath, hidden in stable-lofts or crouching in the heather, all the gallant men-at-arms were Captain Cutlasses—the knights, the scourgers of buccaneers, the great old sea commanders. When we grew older, and a hat or necktie was to buy, we took our cue from the wear of Captain Cutlass. As lovers with the village girls in evening woods, owl-

haunted, rich in secret moonlit groves, we kept us decorous by some influence that came from meetings with the Captain; as men of the world (in our rural way) our mouths were wondrous clean, and often we drank but little, for that, we were told, was the way of Captain Cutlass.

No saint, remember; saints are, for the most part, women, invalids, and elders—the virtues that come to some of us late in life being naught to brag of, only a moral rheumatism; Captain Cutlass knew himself so well, and the hazards of his place, that all his life he feared the devil and fled temptation. 'Faith! 'tis the only way for some of us; come, good fellows, let us drink one toast to Captain Cutlass,—*Non inferiora secutus*—following no inferior things—as his motto went on the white stone

over the ashlar pediment of Schawfield House.

It was only behind his back we called him Captain Cutlass—a nickname he had heired at second-hand, like Schawfield itself, from a grandfather who used the weapon woundily in some old sea-fight, when British sea-fights were in fashion. Here, nicknames run in a family like corner cupboards, and curling-stones, and the Schaws of Schawfield are like to be Cutlasses for generations to come, even if they never breed a sailor. His name and dignity were, properly, Sir Andrew Schaw, and to hear of his oddities and exploits made stupid people call him a little daft. I wish his kind of madness was more common.

Yet what was the world to make of such a baronet, who was on terms of galeity with any random creature he would meet upon the road, played pranks so droll, indulged so queer a fancy, laughed so heartily, at the solemn rituals of society, had the heart of a boy when his hair was gray; never kept a carriage, or went to London; married—

Ah! the cat was nearly out of the bag there—just a little prematurely; but, after all, this, is not to be the story of that escapade; what I contemplate is the diverting history of his great experiment in training the Ideal Wife.

"He's so easy-osy a man in other things you would think he would take his chance like other men and grab the bonniest," said the wives of Schawfield village, which presented some deplorable results of a fashion of wooing so primitive.

"Mind the man's motto, though, 'Nothing but the best!'" said Mrs. Nish of the Schawfield Arms, who bought her napery on that principle, and had a passion for necklets and brooches made of the same material as her parlor mantel-shelves and timepieces, so that

she sometimes clattered in her movements like a quarry. "It's not every day a laird's in the marriage market, and Sir Andrew's braw enough, and young enough, to pick his lady at his leisure the way I pick my hens. Besides, he's had his lessons, honest man!" and she would sigh profoundly, dew-laps quivering, buttons straining like to burst across her bounteous chest.

There it was,—the origin of Sir Andrew's great experiment; he had had his lesson, honest man! and Schawfield village knew it, as I sometimes think it knew the utmost penny Schawfield paid in interest on his mortgages. There are no secrets of the country mansion hid from the neighboring village anywhere so long as there are gallant lads and laundrymaids for them to make love to. The odd thing is that my lords and gentlemen should go on believing that high walls and acres of surrounding policy can foil the wings of gossip,—a free wild bird that flies farthest over parks and desert places. I have seen it nest in a charter-house behind an iron door.

For two years he had borne the burden of his error, carrying it gaily like a man, and lost it with a pang. She died, did Lady Jean, without a single look or word or act from him to show he had grieved for anything in their brief time together, except the prospect of her absence. A poor little wisp of a thing, to be petted and borne with; she put the lap-dog off her bed for a moment on the day she died, and drew her husband's head beside her on the pillow.

"Andy! Andy!" she said woefully, "I've known about you and Lucy all along, and you've been—you've been the very prince of husbands."

"What?" said he abashed. "Who told you?"

"It was Aunt Amelia," said she, "but she meant no harm."

"She never does," said the baronet,

"but I wish she could have spared you. As God's in heaven, Jean, I have been happy!"

"Oh, Andy!" she exclaimed—a feckless body—"I must look a fright with my hair cut, but I would die with joy if I could think you really loved me."

"Love you, Jean!" he said, with his arms about her; "I have seen you sleeping and have heard you breathe in dreams, and for all those days and nights we have been companions: it would be a bonnylike thing if I did not love you."

She sighed and toyed with a lock of his dark hair, and mournfully looked in his eyes. "Ah!" she whispered, "it was not that way I was thinking of. You are a man who loves all things living, and would die to save a dog from hurt, but—but I'm so selfish I would like to think I had not much mislaid you, and that you prized me a little more than all the rest, and never rued you married me."

"I never rued aught in my life but my sins," said the gallant Captain Cutlass, "and that I was not a better husband."

"I could not have had better," she protested. "Tell me you were happy."

"As the day was long!" said my brave Sir Andrew, and he lay beside her till the hour of the turn of the tide, when she hung for a moment breathless on the verge of things, and then released herself of life and care in one contented sigh.

Some hours he spent wandering about the farm like a man demented, pained as if he had lost a limb, feeling soiled as though the slough of despond was veritable mire; then up and saddled the mare, and rode like a fury for the old home. It is ever in the body or the mind to some old home we go with all our triumphs, failures, pains, as the red hind in her travail makes for the hills where she was calved. He swept through the fallen leaves of the

winter-time, trampled dock and bracken, tore along the canters through the woods, sought fervently the upper valleys where the winds blew free. It was the spring: the larch was hung with tassels; all the woods were sweet with the tang of pine, the chuckling thrush, and the flurry of honey-moon wings. There had been rain in the early morning; no speck of dust was on the world, as clean as if it had been new created, and the burns ran merrily, merrily, twitching in fun at the lower flounces of the lady ferns that bent adoring over them. Each mossy cliff dropped gems, and every dyke was burning with the pale flame of primroses that surely grow in Schawfield as they grow no otherwhere,—so soon, so long, so unmolested, as if a primrose crop were the single aim of nature. Along the hunting roads where the hoofs of the horse sank soundless in the turf, the coney scuttled and the founmart flashed. A ruddy patch of hide was stirring in the thicket; he saw the dappled fallow nibble leaves in the enchanted clearings; wood-doves murmured; willow-wrens laced the bushes with a filigree of song so fine it would have missed the ear of a traveller less observant. Life! Life—Lord, how he felt the sting and splendor of it in his every sense! So had he ridden in the old bold days, capless and young, and this a sample of the glorious world; so had he felt himself a part of the horse between his knees, a part of the turf on which they thudded, a part of the windy pine, of bird and beast, of scent and song, omnipresent and eternal, like the living air!

And then—and then he felt ashamed of his health and his forgetfulness, in that magic air, of her he had left behind in Fancy Farm, remembering she had never shared his sense of well-being, and could not realize the wonder and glory of life for soever little a space in the bewildering desert of time.

It was not the spoiled and feckless wife he saw, the aimless languid Lady Schaw, but the girl she was once, pretty as a flower, Jeanie Jardyne, who had been one time happy with her young companions. Her slim, sweet, girlish form he thought of, and the winds of the Indian sea blowing her flowing garments; a way she had of clinging on his arm; evenings with her in the woods while still she had her bridal mystery, peaceful nights when she was lying by his side.

Nobody met him that day in his woods and avenues, for the folk of Schawfield ever evade an eye bereaved, knowing when company is an infliction and condolence a wound; and he had seen no face of man when, climbing the brae at Whitfarland, he emerged from a bank of whin upon the prospect of the sea.

For a moment he checked the mare, took off his wide gray hat, and, breathing deep of the landward breeze, stared at the archipelago. Silver and green, with the pillars of birches and their tender plumage, the lesser isles were lying like fairy gardens in the Sound, and far away—far, far away,—sailing among the sunset's gold, were the great isles of the Hebrides. He looked upon them like their first discoverer—a lean man, a clean man, smirched by no town reek nor sallowed by greasy foods, late hours, and the breathed atmosphere of herded populations; tan and ruddy, satin-skinned, brown-haired; an eye that quested like an eagle's, and swooped on distant things as does the seaman's eye or the old hunter's. No flesh pads spoiled the structure of his shaven countenance, his teeth were drift-white, his ears close on his head and pointed a little like a faun's; his nose looked like one on which a sculptor had spent great care and a memory of antique marbles; his hand in repose was like a woman's, but tightened on the reins raised up cords of steel.

The cut of his gray clothes and the fashion of his scarf gave a hint of the dandy.

Below him the sea surged noisily, the leafy banners of the little isles streamed multitudinous; a gannet poised, and tern sloped piping shrilly down the wind. He glanced behind him at the mansion woodily recessed—his ancient proper home,—got off the horse, inhaled the salty perfume of the tide on the wracky beaches, then passed through the sea-pinks to the shore, where he stripped a sunburnt body behind the shelter of a rock, and walked to the edge of the bay, and stood for a moment with his arms held high, his eyes ecstatic on the far horizon.

A moment later he was breasting the waves, swimming with mighty strokes, the sea-weeds trailing across his lips, the salt spray in his nostrils.

## CHAPTER II.

In Schawfield village one funeral pall of thick black velvet, heavily fringed, did duty at our funerals for two hundred years, so that velvet, like the lilies of Lent, which till latter years, we saw in kirkyards only, is ever associated in our minds with mortuary sentiments. The books of the kirk-session still bear record how Quinten Hogg, a vintner and an elder, going on a jaunt to Edinburg, was commissioned there to buy "twenty ells, with fringe and tassels conform, for the common town's use, inasmuch as the old mort-cloth is sore moth-eaten and abused." But, twenty years ago, in revolt against the charges of the session for a pall that had long since earned its cost, some thrifty folk in Schawfield started a Mort-cloth Fund, and bought a rival pall, which lowered so much the cost of obsequies that death, in the words of pawky Cooper Leckie, was almost popular.

"And quite right, too; we must be

movin' wi' the times," said Mrs. Nish of the Schawfield Arms, till the craze for economy in the shows of grief began to threaten her monopoly of the hearse, and then she was all the anti-quary—for old times, old manners, and the mort-cloth in which the lairds and all the ancient people of blood had been happed at last without regard for a half-guinea more or less.

Her hearse in its day had been the glory of the parish. Golden angels romping among golden clouds played cheerful-looking post-horns upon every panel; great ostrich plumes cocked and nodded upon the top of it, like Highland soldiers' bonnets; and texts like "So passeth away all earthly glory" were in the Latin tongue on scrolls upon its gables. It was the only funeral wagon (except the poor man's cart) for more than thirty miles, and its engagement called for a certain ritual of bargaining, since the cost of its hire depended upon things that might seem quite irrelevant—as the season, or the price of wool or oats, the social plane of the departed, or the money he had left—the latter only open to conjecture.

A man with a melancholy eye, and his natural voice restrained to a pious whisper, would come into the inn at gloaming, lean over the zinc of the tiny bar, and mournfully ask for a glass of spirits.

The landlady would sigh her sympathy as she turned the faucet over the half-gill stoup, and pouter her bosom like a dove, till the stone-work of her necklet went like a mason's yard, would indicate that all was known to her,—the peaceful ending and the very hour of it, the last words, and the doctor's diagnosis.

Then the bereaved, with short despondent slips at the glass, as one for ever henceforth indifferent to earthly appetites,—“Ay, Mrs. Nish, he was a game aye, but he's gane, and that's

the lang and the short o't. Slipped awa' at an awkward time for us, wi' the hay no' cut and the weather broken. Forbye, we lost a calf in the dam last week,—a maist unlucky summer! Poor John!”

“Here we have no abidin' city,”—and the dewlaps would be wagging like a barn-fowl's wattles. “Your uncle was an honest man, and it's aye a consolation that he died respected. I wouldna' wonder but ye'll want the hearse?”

“I wouldna' say but we might; the guidwife kind o' mentioned it. I think it's pomp and vanity mysel', and Uncle John was a man o' nae pretences: the cart would suit him fine. There's nae great grandeur called for wi' a man's remains.”

“Deed no! At the best we're a wheen o' worms!”

“But the guidwife's aye for a bit o' style; ye ken yoursel' what wives are, Mrs. Nish. She bade me ask what, aff and on, might be the hire o' the hearse for Friday.”

“Poor body! She'll be the aye to miss him; he was so evendoon and regular——”

“As regular as the clock! She used to say she could boil the kettle on him. And he was aye that fond o' you! His wife, ye mind, was your husband's second cousin. What did ye say about the hearse?”

“It would be fifteen shillings; is the mistress well?”

The bereaved, with a dramatic start,—“My God! mem, fifteen shillin's! David Watson's widow last week paid but ten, they're tellin' me.”

“I'm no' denyin' 't, but ye see she was a widow,—for widows it's always ten; puir things! it's their only consolation.”

After this fashion haggled the customers for Mrs. Nish's hearse: her long experience had given her the skill to guess, in the first few sentences of

such an interview, within a shilling or two of what was a proper fee for the vehicle; only once or twice had she given the bereaved her lowest terms, to be shocked later at the news of handsome legacies.

"Folks'll get an awfu' surprise when I die," said Makum Ross, the merchant, to her slyly, once; he was a miser whose aim in life was to die worth fifteen hundred, which, for his sins (that, like all the worst of sins, had cost him nothing) he meant to bequeath to the Free Church.

"You'll maybe get an awfu' surprise yoursel', Makum," said Mrs. Nish, with sinister meaning.

"Dod! she's sharp in the tongue, but I'll hae repartee for her yet," he had remarked, chagrined, as he left her presence, attended by the wild guffaws of farmers in for a wool market, and he had the laugh against her at the end, if a sense of humor goes with middling honest Scottish merchants to the shades. When he died his sister came to the inn.

"Makum and you were aye good frien's; he thought the world o' ye," she said to Mrs. Nish, who hated to do business with her sex.

"A worthy gentleman!" said the landlady, "ye'll miss him sore, but ye have aye the consolation that he died respected. Ye'll be ettlin' on the hearse; I'm glad it's just been newly painted. I never saw it look so braw, —five books o' genuine gold Willie Crombie took to the cherubim and seraphim, and ye never saw such trumpets!"

"It wasna' the hire o' the hearse I ca'd about," said Makum's sister, with a bitter woman's satisfaction, "it's an awfu' pity about his will,—every penny to the kirk, but a hundred pounds for a parish hearse to be kept for the use o' a' and sundry by the Mort-cloth Fund!"

So passed away the glory of Mrs. Nish's hearse: its rival cut her prices

down to the cost of plain post-hiring, and would have driven the seraphim and the cherubim completely from the field if it had not been a hearse of startling new design, with no black plumes, and sides of glass, which made a burial "far mair melancholious than there was any need to be," as some of the natives said, who were used to obsequies where the leading rôle was not so ostentatious. "It's makin' a parade o' the departed! And there was something nice and cheery in the look o' the golden angels wi' their trumpets," said they.

Fat days then for the Mort-cloth Fund! Its revenues accumulated till they became a kind of incubus, which was finally made less on one occasion by a Mort-cloth Ball. Behold the folk of Schawfield jigging, then, in Mrs. Nish's hostelry. Watty Fraser with his fiddle, perched high in the nook of the big bow-window, shut his eyes, and pumped with ecstasy from the unseen source of the music that bubbles and gleams eternally about the world: 'twas as if he tickled the young girl Joy, and made her laugh. The floor rocked under the mighty tread of the country dance and the beat of the strathspey. A velvet pall should have been hung for banner under the chandelier,—*memento mori*,—the innocent cause of all this gaiety, but Schawfield had its sense of the proprieties; it called the dance the Jubilee Celebration, and the pall was absent, in the darkness of its kist within the vestry of the silent kirk, under the mourning unforgetting trees. Play up then, Watty! another dance; give us "The Miller o' Dron" or "The Wind that shakes the Barley"; landlady, make the old mell gurgle, and send in another bowl; are we not young? and it is long till morning.

In a little room behind the bar, to which the scuffle of the dance and the stampede of the young men charging across the floor for partners came like



gusty rumors of the sea each time the door was opened to let in another loaded tray, four or five worthies sat, too fat, old, or sedate for dancing, doing their best to lower the credit side of the Mort-cloth treasurer's intrusions.

"That's right. Johnny! be always comin' in with it in quantities; it'll no' go wrang," said Fleming of Clashgour, the farmer, whose bosom ever swelled, and whose interest in another world than that of nowt and sheep invariably awoke at the sound of jingling glasses.

"Man! there's one thing vexes me," said Jamie Birrell, the Writer, plowtering with his toddy-ladle, and his rosy face all glistening. "It's that the Captain's such a recent widower; he would have fair delighted in the evening's entertainment."

"I havena' seen him dance since he was married," said the banker. "The last time we saw him shake a jovial leg was at his home-comin', when he led the Grand March and Triumph wi' his cook. 'I never see her equal at an *entrée*,' said he with another fling—though it's known very well he could fivie on brose himsel' if his frien's were well set up in dainties; and he waited on her at the supper like a titled lady."

"Makin' her mighty blate and ashamed o' hersel'," added the lawyer. "That's the worst o' Sir Andrew's democratic cantrips; they're well meant, but cursedly embarrassing to the folk he plays them on. The cook would have been better pleased wi' a touslin' frae the gardener. But what can ye make o' the selfsame gentleman? He's droll and that's the lang and the short o't" ("droll," in Schawfield, signifying something approaching amiable lunacy). "If he wasn't droll there wouldn't be all this surplush in the Mort-cloth Fund, and we wouldn't be having our ordinar' Friday night sederunt spoiled by idiots posturin' to Watty Fraser's old birch fiddle."

It was the year—it was indeed the very week—on which the new school-master came to Schawfield—a poor east countryman with no head for a dram, as it turned out later; but as yet this fatal disability was undecerned, and he sat with the other worthies in the parlor, looking desperately jovial, but sinfully, slyly pouring most of the mercies down the table-legs.

"I don't understand," he exclaimed in his high-piped voice. "It's not the laird who's giving the party, is it?" And Clashgour, with a "Ha! ha! that's a good one!" rumbled into convulsive laughter at the notion of the laird signaling his release from the wrong wife by a ball.

"Not exactly, Mr. Divvert, not exactly," said the lawyer drily. "The circumstances would scarcely warrant that with strict propriety. To let you know, his wife—peace with her!—died some months ago, and, as baronets most properly pay more for their burials than common folk, there was a sudden augmentation of the Mort-cloth Fund that only such an occasion as this could restore to its old sufficient and safe balance in the Union Bank. Do you take me, Mr. Divvert—do you take me?"

"Good Lord!" cried the dominie, "I was not aware of the circumstances. Might it not seem a bit incongruous to Sir Andrew if he learned that his hearse and mort-cloth fees paid for—paid for our conviviality?"

"That shows ye don't ken Captain Cut—Sir Andrew—nor his story," said the lawyer, "and that ye don't ken Schawfield very well either, or ye would know that there's little chance of any rumor reaching Sir Andrew that would vex him. By the blessing of God, it's the semi-jubilee year of the Mort-cloth Fund, and ye're expected to assume that it's that we're celebrating. Not that the Captain's feelings need on this occasion be very scrupu-

lously considered, for the death of his poor departed in the spring was of the nature of release for both of them—at least, it might be so considered by any other husband than Sir Andrew. How he would look on anything, I would not take it on me to jalouse; and he may be breaking his heart for her for all I know to the contrary."

Still the dominie looked bewildered and the company mysterious, nodding their heads like mandarins.

"A delicate woman,—the wrang ane a'thegither," hinted the banker with a wink.

"A' a mistake! Maist deplorable!" conveyed Clashgour in a husky whisper. "But he was game, man, game, and stuck to it like a man!"

"I have never heard a word of it," said the schoolmaster.

"Of course not," agreed the lawyer. "It's quite between ourselves in Schawfield,—a kind of family affair,—and I trust it will go no further."

"I'm nothing if not discreet," the dominie assured him, so eager for the story that he choked on the first honest gulp he had made at his toddy-glass.

"There was a time, two or three years ago, yonder," said the lawyer, settling back in his chair, "when two sisters, daughters of an Indian officer, came for a month to a lodge that's over the way by Whitfarland, with their father. Jardynes they were called—Lucy and Jean Davinia. I'm no great judge of the sex myself, but here's our friend Clashgour, he's made them a kind o' a specialty. What do ye say, Clashgour?"

The farmer raised his hands in the gesture of a man whose admiration almost stifled words. "A clipper!" he exclaimed with fervor. "Such a carriage! and such style."

"Just that!" Mr. Birrell broke in impatiently. "If ye get off on that key there's no stopping ye. Premise, Mr. Divvert, that one was a most ex-

traordinar' fine young lass, the other in mind and body no way to compare wi' her. In the ordinar' course the laird should have called on the Jardynes, but the customary bee was in his lordship's bonnet—this time about the folly of social calls and suchlike ceremony,—and he left the duty to his aunt Amelia. She came back loudly singing the praise of the bonny sister. As her swans are apt to be geese in the long-run, Sir Andrew was no way impressed by her account of what he missed by refusing to go to Whitfarland, and was only to be set right on that point the very day before the Jardynes left for India. It was the Sabbath: he had been to the kirk, in one of his droll relapses into an interest in the faith of his fathers, and he saw the lassie worshipping. I think, myself," said the lawyer in a pawkier key, stroking his rosy face, "that a woman never looks better than under these particular circumstances, if one is young enough to have an interest of the kind and it's not too devout an hour for the observer. What do you think yourself, Clashgour? You're winkin', eh? At any rate, the lady took the Captain's eye, and I daresay he was not the only one that day for whom she spoiled Dr. Cleghorn's sermon. The Captain dragged his aunt forward for an introduction when the kirk had skailed, and well, that's the reason why we're here at the Mortcloth Ball."

Jamie Birrell was, in his way, an artist; he liked in debate, or speech, or story to keep his hearers balanced for a little on the brink of climax, and the eager interest of the dominie's eye was ample ministry to his vanity.

"Awfu' unfortunate! Might hae happened to ony man!" said Clashgour, spilling the surplus snuff from a tiny ivory spoon on the terraced front of his waistcoat as he fed a capacious nose, and, lest the narrative should be

spoiled by clumsy interpolation, the lawyer hurried to its close.

"Sir Andrew walked and talked for five-and-twenty minutes with the sisters; found the one a tonic to his wit and a joy to his carnal eye, and the other but her feeble echo. He went home, I'll warrant, with his head blizzing, and it looked like the end of it, for the Jardynes sailed in the morn's morning. But the ship they sailed in met with stormy weather, was wrecked near Madras under circumstances that filled the newspapers, and Colonel Jardyne was drowned. Full of compassion for the orphan girls—particularly the tall one—Sir Andrew sent Miss Jardyne the condolence of his Aunt Amelia and himself, and it was the start of a correspondence."

"I understand! I see! I see!" cried the schoolmaster, and the company watched his face with zest, and still nid-nodded like mandarins.

"Miss Jean Davinia Jardyne could be a most clever hand at a letter, it would seem; it was not many months till Sir Andrew and she were plying an ardent correspondence wherein every thought she revealed was born companion to his own convictions. He proposed, ram-stam, by telegraph; was accepted, and the lady came home in the care of a relative that he might marry her. If it was not at the kirk door he met her first, it was gey near it, and he saw his Aunt Amelia's blunder—he *had brought home the wrong lass!*"

"Bless my soul, you don't tell me he married her!" cried the dominie, and the company nodded on like mandarins.

"In faith he did! You would not doubt it for a minute if you knew him. You see the fault had not been hers, save in the one dubious particular that she had got the inspiration for her letters to the Captain from her younger sister, who, in correspondence with another lover, and one she was to marry some months later, had put a vast

amount of genuine feeling into her sister's pen. The Captain, always kind, said never a word of his disappointment, but put a plausible face on his reception of his unexpected bride, and married her there and then without letting her know he had so cruelly been deceived."

"It beats all! What a quixotic creature!" cried the excited schoolmaster, taking another sip of toddy,—with a properer enthusiasm for the manifold and fantastic quirks of human nature he might, as we sometimes thought in Schawfield, have been as good as his neighbors at the bottle, and lived as long as they did. "And yet, do you know, there's a likeable side to a folly of that kind. I could not do it myself, but I admire the man who's fit for it. It shows, do you know, a noble abnegation." He aired the sentiment—gulleless Mr. Divvert!—as if it were a new philosophic truth now for the first time discovered, and the mandarins looked each other in the eye, uneasy to find the Forfar body was so shallow, shallow!

"That is an idea that whiles occurred to ourselves," remarked Jamie Birrell slyly. "You'll find few in Schawfield, Mr. Divvert, who would call Sir Andrew anything but the perfect gentleman."

"See him on a horse!" suggested Peter Wyse.

"Or sailin' a boat, or swimmin'," said the banker in tones even more admiring.

"Hear him laugh!" said Clashgour. "It's smittal—his laugh; and he can get on better terms wi' a stranger in ten minutes than maist o' us could get in a fortnight, even across a bottle."

"And you're only on his surface even then," remarked the lawyer, shutting a mouth like a letter-box. "The rarest qualities of the laird are only gotten at on close acquaintance; he has a thousand hare-brained notions I daren't air

myself, or my business would go to stramash, but sometimes—only sometimes, mind ye—they find a curious pleasant agreement in my mind, and look like convictions a body would die for, if one was young enough, and living wasn't so much more comfortable, being a thing one's used to."

Watty Fraser's fiddle jinked drowsily over the measures of "The Hay-makers," slurring whole bars, content to give only the accent to the dancers. "It's near the end, I can hear," said Clashgour regretfully, thinking of six miles on horseback that must be covered before he got home to bed.

"He's young,—he'll likely marry again," remarked the schoolmaster, already affected by the Schawfield interest in Sir Andrew's future. An hour ago he had been itching to be home; now he would bide till broad daylight if he could gossip about the baronet.

"I wouldn't wonder," said the lawyer, yawning. "Wha's for hame? If I was him, and o' the marryin' kind, I would tak' Norah!"

The company, all but the Forfar alien, looked at him with some surprise; he seemed to realize, himself, in a second, he had been too free, and shut the letter-box mouth with a snap of some ferocity.

They all streamed out into the lobby among the retiring dancers, and out into the street.

Clashgour scugged down his cap upon his forehead, threw a reluctant leg across the saddle, audibly commended himself to God, and, glucking horribly with ale as he posted to an easy trot, disappeared up the lamp-lit lane that led to the dark surrounding country full of brooks, declivities, and other hazards. "There gangs a d—n good horse!" said the banker, buttoning his topcoat, listening to the clatter of the hoofs on the broken causeway. "It'll take him

hame some day deid; Clashgour should be teetotal." And himself meandered home with a sappy sense of well-being, apparently possessor of himself, as he could not wholly be in other hours, having for the nonce a poet's exaltation, thinking the world magnificent! magnificent! Young folk, wrapped against the morning chill, walked off from the door of the inn with the rhythm of the fiddler still in their feet; their chatter and laughter sounded down the street, and sank to whispers in the closes. Watty Fraser, with his violin wrapped in baize, an Orpheus half-asleep, and a portion of art's reward—a knuckle of ham in his coat-tail pocket,—sought his attic. The solemn little town took on for a space a revel spirit, as the woods wake up and twitter sometimes just before the dawn. Quick, one by one the windows darkened in the inn, as Mrs. Nish, the canny woman, hurried about the house like a virgin anxious of her oil; and the last of the merry-makers, having drawn a final glass before the bar, were left outside a banging door. High on the steeple clanged the hour of five, and echoed among the hills, and Divvert, counting the strokes incredulously, realized that every peal smote him inside the skull with a pang of headache.

"Dash it!" he said to the Writer, "I'm little used to hours like these, nor to all this toddy. I was wiser sleeping among my books," and Mr. Birrell chuckled. He listened to the dying rumor of revelry down the street, and looked at the sky, where an old moon sliced her way through a welter of night and cloud. "Books!" said he. "With less devotion to the books, Mr. Divvert, you would have had a better head for toddy. This is Life—Life! the thing that all you sober cloistered gentlemen most deplorably miss the fun and splendor o'. On such a night did Dido—did Dido—how is it, now,

the Captain puts it? Never mind; the main thing is, we're livin', and there's mony a body deid, puir souls, includin' the Captain's lady."

"This Norah!" said the schoolmaster, pressing his brow. "Who might Norah be?"

"Norah," repeated the notary, cocking his head to the side with a forensic glitter in his eyes. "Did I, by any chance, make reference to a Norah?"

"In the room, you know. You said if you were him you would marry her."

"Did I? Faith!" said the Writer, "I trust I put it more grammatically, not to say more respectfully; and, whether or not, it was an unpardonable liberty. Mr. Divvert,"—he patted the teacher with an impressive finger on the chest,—*"the lady's Norah only to her admiring friends, and among the most reverent o' them's one—James Birrell, M.A., Edinburgh. To all else she is Miss Grant, the Captain's ward and second cousin and to be named with due discretion."*

"Man! you might be in love wi' her yoursel', you're so particular," said Divvert, turning up his collar, and the Writer looked at him sternly in the rays from the fanlight over the door of the Schawfield Arms.

"Mr. Divvert," said he portentously, "you have something yet to learn of delicacy and the general situation. Understand!—the general situation. I

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

have at my age nothing at all to do with love, nor love with me. I am Sir Andrew's man o' business, and you will kindly delete from your remembrance anything I may have said in there among my personal and discreet friends. The party I named is a lady,—so was the dear departed,—and we must consider feelings." He put his hand upon the teacher's shoulder, and with his mouth close to his ear—"Let all I said in there be quite delete," he whispered with profound impressiveness. "You are not yet in the local atmosphere; you cannot understand the general situation. By-and-by, with the favor of God, you'll realize that here in Schawfield we are all one family, from the laird himself to Watty Fraser, and we must be loyal. Whatever we are, let us be Scottish gentlemen."

So saying, the little lawyer shook the teacher ceremoniously by the hand, and entered his house a few doors from the inn; and Mr. Divvert, with a head confused by toddy and a diplomatic atmosphere he could not comprehend, went round the back of the church to his lodgings.

"They're very sly!" said he to himself as he went to bed. "What harm could it have done had Mr. Birrell been a trifle more explicit. Oh mighty! but they're sly, sly!"

*(To be continued.)*

## TAMING ANIMALS.

It is curious and somewhat humiliating to recall that civilized man has added scarcely one useful creature to the list of those which he inherited from his savage forefathers. Even for the few which have been introduced to Europe since prehistoric times, as buf-

falos, cats, poultry, no credit is due to him—they were tamed elsewhere. But all the earth has been explored in these days—new birds and beasts beyond counting have become familiar. It might have been assumed that in such a host many would be found worth

domesticating. But it is not so apparently—of all these animals only zebras and ostriches have been turned to the service of man; and the latter can only be called tame in the sense that they do not fear human beings.

The zebra promises to be serviceable. There is a stud at Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa, so large and so prosperous that applicants can be supplied with colts not only for riding and driving, but for "field-work," as is officially announced. They are broken more easily than horses; Count Götzen, Governor of the Colony, rode one which had been saddled only three months before, and he writes with enthusiasm of its docility and pleasant paces. Apparently the zebra "has come to stay," in Africa at least; indeed, Mr. Walter Rothschild used to drive a pair about the neighborhood of Tring a few years ago. And the hybrid of horse and zebra, called zebula, is said to be more excellent than the mule for every purpose—quicker, better-tempered, and stronger of constitution. A specimen may be seen at the Zoological Gardens—a strong, well-shaped beast. But I gather that it has not been ridden nor used in any way.

At the same time it must be remembered that the domestication of zebras is not a new idea. Mr. Theal cites an Order of the Dutch Council of Polity, dated so far back as 1742, forbidding the slaughter of these animals under a penalty of £10—a great sum then; the reason assigned was that "the sight of them on the veldt is pleasing, and Burghers ought to tame the young." Some Burghers did, evidently, for, as soon as newspapers came into fashion, zebras for sale were advertised not infrequently. Yet they never became common—one might put it they did not catch on. Boers are unenterprising, but no fools—especially in matters of this sort. A beast suit-

able for riding and transport which is immune to the tsetse fly would have enormous value; even in my time a "salted horse," one which had been bitten and survived, fetched £100 if it could only toddle. But zebras were countless, to be got for the trouble of catching, in the eighteenth century and long afterwards. One cannot but suspect that the shrewd Boers found they did not answer in the long run. However, the experiment is being tried again.

It is not altogether unreasonable to doubt whether elephants would have been tamed by Europeans. Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English have been established in Africa four centuries and more, but one may venture to say that none of them have made an effort to utilize the elephant up to the present time. It is roundly asserted in books not out of date in the publisher's point of view that the African species cannot be trained. Cape Colony was full of elephants when the Dutch arrived, and they were familiar with them in India. To the present day we can find no use for them alive. Twenty years ago I remember two were actually imported from Burmah for road-making—at great expense, of course; they promptly died, and no one thought of replacing them from the native stock. The Germans are said to be taming elephants now. A single one has been employed for some years at a Mission in French Congoland. One might almost think that the intractability of the African species was a fiction circulated to cover the stupid indolence of the authorities. Its falsehood has been recognized for a generation at least, but nothing is done. Tavernier mentions casually that there was a regular trade in African elephants supplied from Melinda, on the East Coast, to India. An inscription lately discovered at Heroopolis states that Ptolemy Philadelphus sent a general with troops to the land of the



Troglodytes to catch elephants. The expedition was notably successful, bringing back many captives.

Everybody knows that our domestic animals descend from wild species, but all the same we are apt to regard them as gifts of Nature; not quite unreasonably, for the pedigree is lost as a rule. I am not competent to treat the matter scientifically, even if this were the place; but in a long course of miscellaneous reading, and much experience in lands comparatively little known, I have gathered a store of odd facts which may amuse.

One hesitates to speak of cats, when so many books have been devoted to them of late years, but perhaps something new may be found even in that case. For example, some may be surprised to hear that cats were rare in Europe so late as the Christian era. Schoolboys able, and willing, to read Aristophanes may incline to mutter "Bosh!" In the "Peace," a householder tells his wife to cook some game in the larder unless *galé* has carried it off—"I heard him there just now, bustling about and making a noise." Other passages show that the *galé* lived in the house, that it stole things, ate mice and birds, and did so much mischief that slaves made it an excuse for breakages and mysterious disappearances. Obviously a cat, and so the word is translated, unless by those who have studied Professor Rolleston's careful review of the evidence. He proves that the *galé* was the white-breasted marten, which is still favored as a useful pet in the Levant.

It is not likely, however, that the cat was unknown even in those days, when trade had been so brisk in the Mediterranean for ages, as we have discovered lately. Perhaps it was not so tame then, or the *galé* may have been preferred on its merits, for that is a charming creature by all accounts. If the famous Etruscan tomb at Cer-

vetri is as old as some archaeologists believe, there can be no doubt, for a cat unmistakable is represented there with a mouse in her jaws; but we have not any real assurance of the date. When cats became common in Rome they were certainly called *felis*. But the Rev. Mr. Houghton ventures to say that "in all the voluminous writings of Cicero that word occurs but once, and then he is speaking of Egyptian cats." Ovid also uses it only once, Pliny several times, as might be expected; but he wrote fifty years at least after the Christian era. Nevertheless Pliny advises the husbandman to sprinkle his seed corn with water in which the carcass of a *felis* has been boiled, in order to scare away the mice. This recipe would not apply to a cat, which has no smell—whilst the single objection to the *galé*, as to all other weasles, is its stench.

There is no reference to cats, I think, in the Old Testament nor in the Cuneiform records, so far. But the Jews must have been acquainted with them, since they were common in Egypt before the Exodus; and the Assyrians must have known them long before the fall of the Empire. For some reason they were not favored. It cannot be because mice were not troublesome, for in the Egyptian legend of Sennacherib's rout, told by Herodotus, mice which gnawed the bowstrings and the handles of the shields were substituted for the pestilence of Scripture. It is not so surprising that Sanscrit literature should contain no reference. Max Müller says: "Cats were comparatively a recent introduction to India."

That Europe received them from Egypt is indisputable, but a late discovery suggests, not to say proves, that the credit of taming a beast peculiarly savage must be bestowed elsewhere. A papyrus of the eleventh or twelfth dynasty, not less than 3,000 B.C., mentions cats among the articles imported

from Nubia. But Professor Owen demonstrated many years ago that the Egyptian animal could not descend from the Nubian wild species. Did those savages obtain the specimens they bartered to Egypt from another people more distant? Perhaps—but it does not follow; a second wild species has been discovered in Nubia, and I am not aware that its anatomy has been scrutinized in this point of view. But there is something more. Professor Sayce reports that among the mummied cats sent to England from the great cemetery at Bubastis—a shipload, for it was hoped that they would make invaluable manure—"naturalists have found no bones of the modern variety"; upon the other hand, several bronze images of cats turned up amongst the mummies, and "they unmistakably represent the domestic animal." These belonged to the Ptolemaic era, somewhat less ancient than that of the mummies probably. But it remains a puzzle. The history of cats is not so simple as one might have thought.

Doubtless they were tamed by savages, whether in Egypt or elsewhere. Darwin remarked in South America that the business of domesticating birds and animals captured is left to wild Indians; their settled kinsfolk cannot find the patience, unless in easy cases, as fledglings taken from the nest. He learned also that the work is done especially by the women—their gentle perseverance succeeds in time. When a fierce creature can be persuaded to take food from the lips it is nearly vanquished, and to effect this is the grand endeavor. But one may venture to say that the Indians do not waste their time over wild cats—fancy offering one's lips to those demons! If the original of our household puss partook of their nature it must have been tended with patient care for many generations before it could be handled—

and some protest that cats are not really tame even now.

But it could not be tended from generation to generation. Wild cats are very seldom induced to breed, and when that rare event happens the young ones are devoured with the utmost promptitude. But unless kittens were obtained there would be no advance, and whenever the succession failed all the weary task would have to be begun anew. One could not conceive a more hopeless enterprise. But we have still to learn what the original was—it might be not so ferocious. Possibly also the primeval savages who did the work had means of subduing it with which we are unacquainted.

Dogs must be omitted; they form a subject infinitely too large for me—as large as anthropology. Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, ingeniously proved that even the men of the Kjekkenmødden Age had dogs. He found no remains which could be distinguished from those of wolves. But in the rubbish-heaps certain bones of wild cattle and deer are always missing. Pondering this fact, Steenstrup confined a number of dogs and gave them carcasses; they promptly accounted for the missing bones. It is very unlikely that wolves would always be on hand to consume them when the rubbish-heaps accumulated for generations.

Horses also must be treated with discretion, but a good many facts not generally known, though generally interesting, occur to mind. Of the American discoveries and scientific questions I have nothing to say. Wherever the horse came from, vast herds roamed the central plain of Europe after the Reindeer Age, and the inhabitants lived on them mostly. We have even a contemporary drawing, scratched upon a bone, which represents two naked men with spears stalking a couple of horses. The Cave of Solutré, in the

Dordogne, Southern France, could scarcely accommodate more than half a dozen families, however tightly packed. But the entrance was protected by two walls of horse-bones, one a hundred and fifty feet long, ten high, and twelve thick; the other forty feet long and five high. M. Toussaint, who explored this remarkable shelter of primeval man, roughly computed the number of animals thus stacked as forty thousand. So many in one spot could hardly have been tame; and, if they were, a large proportion would be old. But every one was quite young, many of them foals. Evidently they had been killed in the chase, cut up and brought home for eating.

We should naturally conclude that the hunters were horsemen. Boys would jump upon the back of a quarry wounded and overtaken; the sport would teach them to ride, and presently they would take to catching foals. All the steps of the process follow logically. But perhaps the first did not occur to our remote forefathers. Asiatics never thought of riding till they were infinitely more advanced; Gauls and Britons still clung to the chariot in Cæsar's time. The lake-dwellers were horsemen certainly—we find their bits and accoutrements. And they used the same breed of horse which the men of Solutr  ate, as the bones show. But that was a thousand years later, perhaps two or three or more.

The horse is first seen on Egyptian monuments about 1600 B.C., harnessed to the chariot of the Sun. We cannot believe that it was never ridden in the long ages that followed before the Assyrian conquest. But is there any sort of evidence? The Bible knows nothing of horses until David's time. Certainly the animal was strangely slow in travelling westwards, for the Accads were acquainted with it at least a thousand years before. This

fact alone would suggest that if any people used it for riding the example did not commend itself to their neighbors. But there is direct evidence. The Assyrians must have perceived the value of cavalry at the very outset, for they were masters of war and they did not lack horses. But the bas-reliefs recording the campaign of Shalmanesir in Elam always represent them fighting in chariots whilst the enemy are mounted. Still they did not profit by the lesson. M. Masp ro states that Sennacherib was the first to put soldiers on horseback, and then only in the form of mounted archers—moreover, riding was still such a desperate enterprise that a footman ran alongside with his hand upon the bridle, in case of accident, as the sculptures show.

This precaution was soon dropped. In a few years the great soldier perceived that a horseman can keep his seat even though both hands be occupied with the bow. But I think there is no suggestion of a charge with sword or lance in all the pictures of Assyrian warfare. Certainly there is nothing of the kind in Egypt, and the heroes of the "Iliad" never mount their horses. It is a safe conclusion that riding is not by any means such an obvious practice as it seems to us.

We must recollect, however, that "the Ancients," whether Asiatic or European, had no stirrups—nor, indeed, saddles—until the third century A.D. Neither invention seems to demand much ingenuity, but somehow clever Greeks and practical Romans alike failed to think of them. The earliest reference to stirrups is found, I believe, in a treatise on the "Art of War" by the Emperor Maurice at the end of the sixth century A.D. He calls them *scal * (ladders), and their value as a convenience for mounting in haste is the point he specially insists on. Long habit in riding bare-backed may

have given the trooper of that day a firmer balance-seat than is usual with us; but hitherto a man who could not vault into the saddle set his left foot on a rest projecting from the spear and threw the other leg across. It is possible that stirrups were invented by the Northmen and introduced to the Roman Empire by the Goths. Very early examples have been found in Scandinavia.

But the unwillingness of "the Ancients" to learn riding suggests a curious train of thought. It seems not only contemptible but unnatural to Englishmen. I should be afraid to tell many excellent persons of my acquaintance that the same disinclination was a national characteristic of their own forefathers, if I did not know that they would regard the statement as too laughable to be offensive. But it is true, though incredible. Alfred has left a precious hint upon the subject in his translation of "Boethius." The philosopher remarks that if a man rides for his health's sake it is not the exercise but its result which gives him pleasure. Enlarging on this sagacious observation as usual, Alfred points out that when a man mounts a horse it is to "earn something"—we should say, he has an object. It may be health, as the author says, or to gain time when anxious to reach a place where he has business as quickly as possible. This is to say that no man of sense gets on a horse for amusement; nor hunts, unless "for the pot." The good King expressed the general opinion of his subjects. He himself was a desperately hard rider, but "by medical advice," to combat his epilepsy; thus he came under the heading of those who took horse exercise for health's sake, and no one would call him a fool. A century later Bishop Aldhelm expressed the general opinion. In a homily extant he classed riding *pro vagatione*, "for idleness," that is, for

pleasure, with drunkenness. It is "a vain indulgence" which faithful ministers should "curse."

There was no cavalry under the Dragon flag at Hastings, and I have heard a bright little girl wonder why. The reason is that Englishmen would not fight on horseback. This is not a supposition, but a statement of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, best of authorities. Five years before Hastings a great host of Irish and Welsh burst into Herefordshire. Ralph the Earl called out the fyrd; "but," says the Chronicle, "before a spear was thrown the Englishmen fled, and there was great slaughter." A contemporary note explains: "quia Anglos contra morem in equis pugnare jussit." Ralph the Earl was one of Edward's Norman favorites, unacquainted with the native habits probably, and scornful of them. He put his levy on horseback, which was "against their custom," and they promptly bolted.

Again, the Britons had horses when Cæsar landed, for they fought in chariots, and the number certainly increased during the four centuries of Roman rule. Yet Procopius notes that the chiefs of the British Mission sent to ask help against the invading English had to be "lifted" on their horses and off when they waited on the Emperor. On the whole, we perceive that the notion of riding does not follow of necessity though men be familiar with horses. It was the conquering Norman who taught our ancestors to enjoy it, and they themselves inherited the taste. Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes were all enthusiastic horsemen in the Viking era.

My gossip must come to an end; I return to the starting-point. It may be urged that if no additions of importance have been made to the list of animals domesticated in prehistoric time, the reason is that all which would repay the trouble were discovered and

annexed during that mysterious epoch. One hears people argue thus. But the proposition cannot be maintained. It is absurdly improbable to begin with, and, then, no denizen of the farmyard is the direct descendant of a wild species. Zoologists dispute over the parentage of all. No wild sheep has wool, and the earliest bones discovered of individuals certainly domesticated represent a creature different from any now known. The young of wild boars in every part of the world are striped, and this peculiarity seems ineradicable. But no race of European pigs shows a sign of it. For this, among other reasons they are accredited to the Chinese strain mostly; there are no wild boars, *Sus scrofa* in China. How *Sus Indicus* came to Europe, Heaven alone knows, but bronze figures of pigs exactly like our modern Berkshire have been found in Etruscan tombs; the Chinese variety is misnamed *Indicus*, just like the Chinese azalea, because it arrived in ships of the East India Company. So a Mexican bird is called a turkey and again a dindon.

With such patient care our domestic animals have been evolved by forgotten races in forgotten time. If we are content with them, well and good; but it is grotesque to say that Nature has refused us further opportunity for choice. Consider poultry. Some authorities trace their parentage to the common jungle fowl of the Himalayas, which is remote enough, and the mountaineers are barbarous enough. But most, I understand, at the present day, assign it to *Gallus Bankiva*, native of the Malay countries—Sumatra, Java, Malacca, the Philippines—but not of Borneo, New Guinea or any island between, which is curious. Countries less accessible till modern times could not easily be found; but thence the birds have spread over all the earth, taking endless peculiarities. It is vain to ask who first tamed them or how

they started on their travels. There is some reason to think that they were carried to Egypt long before they reached Babylon or Assyria, though not a single representation of them has been found in the tombs, where geese and ducks are common. But fowls are not mentioned in the Old Testament, for the Hebrew word so translated means ducks. It may be supposed that they were very rare in Persia when Zoroaster composed his law, for the reference is somewhat startling: "Whosoever shall kindly and piously present one of the Faithful with a pair of these my parodarsh birds, male and female, it is as though he offered a house of a hundred columns. Whosoever shall give my parodarsh bird (a cock) his fill of meat I, Ahura Mazda, have no need to question him more. He shall go straight to Heaven." Parsis still keep up a form of reverence for poultry.

Unfortunately the date of Zoroaster is uncertain; also we must doubt whether he is responsible for his own holy book. But if *Gallus Bankiva* was known in Egypt at 1000 B.C., almost certainly it travelled by sea. We do not hear of it on the continent of Asia for centuries afterwards. Very slowly it made its way to Europe. Homer does not speak of it, nor Hesiod; and the silence of the latter proves his ignorance, since farming and country matters were his theme. In the British Museum we see cocks and hens most admirably sculptured on the Lycian monuments assigned to the fifth century B.C.; but for Aristophanes the cock is still "the Persian bird." With such pains, continued for generations beyond estimate, our poultry were made serviceable. The Spaniards found turkeys domesticated in Mexico. The guinea-fowl is not domesticated yet, but such progress as has been made is due to the negroes of the West Coast, not to the Portuguese. It is

incredible that other useful species could not be introduced had we something of the antique patience. For that matter I have seen a dozen curassows hanging about a house in Nicaragua. The great birds were friendly enough to embarrass a visitor with their welcome, sailing up joyously, al-

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

most flapping him with their wings. They and their ancestors had been fed for many years, but they were not tame. Had the Indians taken the curassow in hand, doubtless it would have been familiar now in the warmer parts of Europe.

*Frederick Boyle.*

## COMPULSORY SCIENCE VERSUS COMPULSORY GREEK.

BY SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S.

In setting down some thoughts as to what should be the place of the study of Nature—the Natural Sciences—in our Schools and Universities, I desire to begin by making what provision I can against the misunderstanding and misrepresentation with which all attempts at the advocacy of the opinions on this subject which I, in common with many others, hold, are met by those—happily a diminishing number—who are committed to the maintenance of the present condition of education in our great schools.

In the first place, let me say that I am well aware that, so far as the system of school education which I consider to be bad and harmful is concerned, the teachers who work under it, whether assistant-masters or head-masters, are as much its victims as are their pupils, and have less responsibility for it than have the parents of the youths subjected to it or than have the statesmen who have neglected higher education whilst legislating for primary schools. We are all in this matter, as in so many others, suffering from the ignorance, apathy, and immobility of past generations of those who have been allowed to control great matters which concern the State.

It seems also necessary to say that I do not approach this subject as an outsider. The system of school education to which I object is that which

prevailed in the public school—St. Paul's—which I attended for six years as a boy. The curriculum was limited to Latin, Greek, and a little mathematics and less French. The selection of subjects was objectionable and the teaching of them as bad and perfunctory as it possibly could be. My condemnation of the system is not due to any failure on my part to fall in with it. I was the head-boy and prize-winner in successive classes of the Latin and Greek curriculum, and the whole condition was in my case vastly ameliorated by the fact that St. Paul's was a day school and that I had leisure to pursue other studies at home, not included in the school programme.

I am further especially anxious to guard against an unwarranted assumption which I have encountered when advocating the alteration of the present system of education in the great public schools, and in the preliminary subjects of study enforced by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in such a way that a considerable proportion of the pupil's time shall be devoted to the study of the various branches of Natural Science—namely, the assumption that I do not desire that a training and exercise in literature and in history and languages should also be an integral part of public-school education. Such an assumption is due to a complete misapprehen-



sion. I should wish it to be quite clear that I do not desire to see Natural Science take exclusive possession of the educational field. The claim to exclusive or predominant possession of the educational field for any one subject is, in my judgment, injurious; yet it has been and is still put forward on behalf of the very ill-considered instruction in Latin and Greek which is now allowed to occupy most of the time and attention of teachers and pupils in our great schools. It is, in my opinion, a preposterous claim. I am quite unable to admit that there is any difficulty in assigning a reasonable amount of time and care to the subjects included under the term "Natural Science," as well as a reasonable amount of time to ancient and modern literature and languages and mathematics.

Let me, after these statements intended to prevent misapprehension and misrepresentation, proceed to state what appears to me to be wrong with the system at work in the great public schools of this country, for it is with these that my criticisms are chiefly concerned. The main source of the evil appears to me to be that it is a system which is a mere undesigned survival of antiquated methods and subjects—a system which has never been considered, and has not been adopted, after any intelligent examination of the purpose in hand. It is a system largely due to the very natural and pardonable desire of schoolmasters to avoid change and to make their own work as easy and as profitable as possible. It is also accounted for by the desire of well-to-do parents that their sons should go to schools frequented by youths of a superior social class; this desire being unchecked by any anxiety as to whether a reasonable system of education and instruction is pursued in the favored school.

While the parents of the boys who

are sent to our great schools are thus apathetic, there is no recognized criticism of school methods by any independent authority. Our universities are so constructed as to be constitutionally unable to exercise any control. The crowd of the convocation or congregation of M.A.s is not an intelligent or effective body for such a purpose. So far as the M.A.s concern themselves with the doings of schoolmasters, they are themselves merely a congregation of actual, future, or past schoolmasters, less sensitive and capable of judging in the matter than actual schoolmasters, and have no independent point of view or interest. The only test applied to the schools in this country is the extremely injurious one of a competition by examination for scholarships in various special subjects. It has been compared by those who think it a fine thing (as appears in a correspondence in *The Times*, last autumn) to a steeplechase. It is in fact a sort of sport in which the unhappy competitors are trained and run for the purpose of glorifying the schoolmaster who has trained the largest number of winners, whilst real education and instruction, as well as the health and future development of the competing boys and the interests of "non-runners," are misconceived and neglected. So far from the competition amongst schools for success in examination having a good effect upon the schools, it has more than anything else perverted and injured them; for it has in the most disheartening way forced the efforts of able and energetic schoolmasters (such as Walker of St. Paul's) into the bad and mind-destroying methods of scholarship-hunting.

The main question which I desire to raise is whether the right choice of subjects for study is made in our public schools, and whether it is reasonable and proper, as I shall suggest, to cease altogether the cumbrous efforts

to teach the Greek language to school-boys, and to substitute for it, as a regular and necessary part of the curriculum, a well-considered, duly adapted, and skilfully designed course of instruction in Natural Science—using that term in the most comprehensive sense.

I think it can be shown that what at one time was the legitimate and reasonable aim of a study of Latin and Greek authors can only be attained, in the present changed condition of knowledge, by giving the hours now misapplied to Greek to such instruction in Natural Science as is fitted to the mind of growing youth. The older Renaissance of Learning led very rightly to a widespread study of the ancient stores of knowledge contained in Greek and Roman writings. They have served their turn. We still regard them with affection and interest; but we have entered on and are far advanced in a new Renaissance. The whole world of thought and knowledge has changed during the past century. We no longer live in the pre-scientific age. An immense new birth of knowledge of Nature and of our conceptions with regard to man's place in Nature, as well as of our methods of investigation, not only in regard to our surroundings, but in regard to man himself—in regard to the study of his history, his language, his art, his knowledge, his schemes of society and government—has taken place. This new Renaissance must be fully and adequately recognized in the great public schools. The studies of the old Renaissance must not be altogether thrown aside, but they must make place—ample place—for the new. What is valuable in the old must be retained. The school-teaching of the old knowledge has become sadly unreal, perfunctory, slow, and obstructive, as happens when the conduct of a difficult duty is entrusted to monopolists. The husk of it is mistaken for the ker-

nel, the letter for the spirit, mere dexterity and verbal acrobatics for true learning and sound mental discipline. We can in the future retain some study of ancient history and literature, and even one of the classical languages—namely, Latin—while giving serious attention to the new knowledge—the Natural Science of our present Renaissance.

It must be evident to everyone who considers this matter that the reform consisting in the suppression of Greek grammar in schools and the introduction in its place of proper teaching of the Natural Sciences, free from cram-work and the shadow of competitive scholarship examinations, is truly enough like that of putting new wine into old bottles. The bottles are the present school methods and organization; and it is not to be wondered at that there are people who declare that one must not introduce the new wine of Natural Science in large and effective quantity into the existing schools—because the bottles would burst if one did so. I quite accept this view. I do not desire that the bottles shall burst; and, without attempting to discuss the matter in detail, I will indicate how I would mend or reconstitute these old bottles so that they would not burst.

I will put my suggestions briefly and baldly:

(1) All great public schools should be day schools, not boarding schools. No master engaged in teaching in the school should be allowed to keep a boarding house, or be paid for his work as teacher by profits obtained as a boarding-house keeper. All arrangements for the boarding of such pupils as do not reside with their parents should be independent of the authorities of the school. As a rule it is of great value to a boy to have the benefit of home surroundings while attending school, and (in the case of the well-to-

do the boy or the boys of family should be provided with a suitable study or work-room at home.

(2) The teachers in schools should be paid such salary as will make the profession of "schoolmaster" attractive to the ablest and even to exceptionally able men. They should be asked to be "teachers" not "dames." They should be experts not only in the knowledge of the subject which they teach, but also in the art of teaching. Though, no doubt, both these conditions are sometimes fulfilled at the present day, yet I think all will agree that it is a matter of chance, and that the teacher is not well enough paid, that he has often to use up his strength as a house-master, and that no means exist of making sure that the most capable teachers shall be employed to teach in our great public schools. Too often, I am convinced, the schoolmaster is no teacher at all, but a mere machine who demands that a lesson shall be learnt or an exercise written, and punishes inaccuracy, but never "teaches." It seems to me that whilst men of the special capacity required might be employed to train boys in gaining certain acquirements such as languages, the elements of mathematics and similar instruments or keys of knowledge (what I shall speak of later as "equipment studies")—men of the highest quality as approved and gifted "teachers" should lecture and demonstrate to them in such subjects as history, literature and the various branches of science (which I would call "final studies")—men who would proceed on no cut-and-dried lines laid down in hackneyed school-books, but who would use their own judgment and personal quality in order to command the interest of their pupils and lead them to the development of thought and understanding. As a school-boy at a London public day school, where I was never taught by anyone, I was able to attend

lectures, out of school, by great teachers such as Huxley, Owen, Tyndall, and Hoffmann the chemist. No doubt there are some teachers as great as they in some of our great schools. It seems to me that as a definite system such men, and such men only, ought to be employed in our great schools to give regular teaching in all larger subjects which are not merely keys or instruments to knowledge. They should be employed as non-resident masters or professors. I attended in 1864 six evening lectures on "Modern Chemistry" given by Hoffmann and published afterwards by him in a little book. They were the best teaching I ever listened to. I do not see why twelve such lectures a term (only one a week!)—thirty-six in the year—should not be given by such men as Hoffmann in every great school, and similar lectures, in similar amount, by other equally able teachers on experimental physics, on natural history, geology, biology, and physiology—while practical work in connection with the lectures might be carried on by their assistants.

No doubt such teaching would involve large expenditure, but the necessary funds could be found by existing endowments and by State-aid to render it accessible to the sons of poorer men: while the rich should be made to pay far more largely for good teaching as distinguished from boarding-house accommodation than they do at present. The increased expenditure on efficient teaching in the great public schools should not, by any means, lead to their becoming more exclusively the possession of the rich. It is of great importance to the community that rich and poor should have equal opportunity of attending schools in which the best teachers and the best methods are employed.

Supposing that we could change in the way I have indicated the wine-skin or antiquated public school frame-work,

and were free to put into it what wine was considered best, what should we put there? What, if freed from the domination of tradition and prejudice, should we teach in a public school for boys taking the fullest course of study and perhaps going on afterwards to the University? Education is a much misused term. One commonly hears it said that this or that man has had no education, whereas in reality every human creature is educated in thousands of ways, and as an absolute necessity of existence. By "Education" people commonly mean what they consider to be "good" as opposed to "bad" or "defective" education, and very generally restrict it to that small part of education which is carried on in schools and colleges. Some animals are more "educable" than others, and man is by far the most educable of all animals. It is indeed his great and special distinction. The results of education are not transmitted by physiological heredity. Every individual born has to commence its education on a blank sheet. But man has created for himself a perfectly gigantic and over-powering possession, a sort of physical envelope of customs, taboos, traditions, laws and knowledge, which though not transmitted to a new individual at birth as part of his structure, is yet a heritage, since it has accumulated and has been treasured as oral or written, painted or printed record from prehistoric times to our own day. It is this tremendous heritage by means of which man is educated. This heritage is put into his possession by gesture or by word—spoken, written or printed—by law, by the training given in the nursery and school, and by the experience of life. Though new generations do not inherit physiologically—in the substance of the brain—the results of education, the individuals do not start with an equal chance even if we leave out of account the circumstances of race, nationality,

and social advantage. Individuals vary very largely in the capacity for being educated—what we call "educability."

It is the business of the "educator" to ascertain the various degrees and kinds of "educability" in the young, and to adapt the course of education administered to them to their varying aptitudes. It is above all one of the most solemn and tremendous duties of the adult members of a community to enable the young to enter upon the vast heritage open to them by well-considered education—to assimilate the experience of all past generations of men, to enjoy it and to make use of it. When one realizes this great fact, it becomes clear that the well-educated man is he who has been enabled most fully to benefit by the accumulated inheritance of human knowledge and experience—those long results of time—so as to enter on manhood as the heir of all the ages, equipped for the acquirement of every human art and science. He need have no over-burdened memory, nor the dulled and one-sided intelligence of the book-worm. But he must be provided with the key to every chamber of the treasure-house and possessed of such wide training and experience as to give him assurance as to the extent and limitations of his own capacities, and a knowledge as to the directions in which he can most happily employ them.

It is and remains, however much we consider and examine the circumstances, a most astounding fact that what is considered by many serious people as a "good education" should have become, in the last two centuries and in this English land of ours, so narrow and perverse a thing as it is. It is interesting to trace the history of that perversion and valuable as a contribution to the understanding of human folly. Those who at this moment over-burden and stifle the developing

mind of youth with what is called "compulsory Greek" profess, as their reason and excuse a great reverence for the art and wisdom of the ancient inhabitants of Hellas. One may therefore rightly ask: "Do they follow in regard to school and University education the example or the precepts of the great Greek teachers? Do they attempt to consider how the Greek himself was educated?" It is flagrantly the case that they do not do anything of the sort. The ancient Greeks were not educated at school by attempts to study more ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics or Assyrian cuneiform text. They read and learnt to recite and to criticize the writings of their own poets, philosophers and orators: they learnt geometry, music, astronomy and natural history—the natural sciences of their day. And they attained to a very definite conception of the purpose and value of school education. Let me quote one of their writers on this subject. He says:

An educational course of study should have as its aim one or the other of two distinct degrees of proficiency in the acquirement of the various branches of knowledge or science. The first is the more thorough and special knowledge of the man who desires to take part himself in the advancement of a branch of science, to become in fact a professor or an expert. The second is, on the other hand, the more limited degree of knowledge which should be attained as a feature of a general education. A well-educated man should be able to form, with confidence, a judgment as to the goodness or badness of the methods and arguments made use of by a professor or expert who is expounding new views or new discoveries. In fact to be able to do this is the test of being "well-educated." To be what is sometimes called "a man of universal education" is to possess this ability not in one special subject only but in all or nearly all branches of knowledge. It is of course possible and more usual for a

man to attain to this competence in one branch of knowledge without having it in all.

Those words, which I think could hardly be improved upon at the present day, are a translation of the words of the greatest man of antiquity—Aristotle of Stagira—and form part of his preface to his treatise "On the Parts of Animals." These words find no sympathy, and the actual performances of the ancient Greeks in scientific discovery and in the production of great and delightful works of art have no counter-part, in the modern advocates of compulsory Greek. On the other hand, the "Greek spirit," of which these advocates merely talk, is realized, is in fact re-born and exists in our present phase of civilization in the splendid creations and the self-reliant, hopeful and sober enthusiasm of the men of science of the nineteenth century. I claim that the true Hellenism is to be found in the creations of the cultivators of Natural Science and not in the worship of Greek texts by the united pedagogues of Europe. The Greeks who called no man master would have, were they able to visit us now, nothing but contempt for the oriental self-abasement before them of our Greek compulsionists. The words of Aristotle indicate that he did not consider an incomplete instruction in the grammar of a dead language to be a part of a good education. And we know from the treatises on various subjects written by him which have survived to this day that nothing of the kind was taught by him or valued by him as a feature of school education. How is it that, almost worshipped as he and other Greek teachers have been in succeeding ages, during the development of Western Europe, his method and conclusions in regard to education have been during the last two hundred years increasingly disregarded and opposed? How is it that now we have the strange

spectacle of leading teachers in our public schools and Universities declaring the wisdom of the ancient Greeks to be above all great and valuable, and yet, contrary to Greek precept, sacrificing the life's opportunity of hundreds of our best class of boys in a hopeless struggle with Greek grammar, in order that one per cent. may become Greek scholars, and be able to read the actual words of Greek writers instead of the excellent and sufficient translations of them which we now have. How is it that the teachings and spirit of the ancients are utterly disregarded by those who profess to admire them, and that a mere botch of the rudiments of the Greek language is all that most school-boys acquire after years of the approved but incapable teaching of "Greek" to which they are subjected?

The answer is not far to seek. What we call "a classical education" originated in the genuine attempt to impart a purely utilitarian knowledge of the Latin language for the purpose of reading the only books of any value which existed in the earlier Christian period of European civilization. In the early Middle Ages, Latin was acquired as the key to or means of reading the Vulgate and the Liturgy, the Lives of the Saints and the works of the Early Fathers of the Church. Later in the Middle Ages a new value was found in the Latin tongue. Great books on science of all kinds had been written in it and in it alone. Therefore the purpose of imparting to the youth of the day a facility in the Latin tongue became simply this—that he should study the Latin translations of parts of the writings of Aristotle, of the Physiologus and other translations and compilations from Arabic and Greek sources then current. Later again we come to "the revival of learning," the Renaissance, after which a third and a fourth period of new im-

pulse to the study of Latin have been recognized. The earlier of these was when men studied the Roman writers, chiefly Cicero, for their beauty of form and expression; the second, a later movement, when Roman writers were studied for their intellectual and philosophic value. It was in the latter half of the sixteenth century that men such as Erasmus and Colet introduced the study of the Greek language—with the same general object as that with which Latin had been studied in early times, but more especially with that of actually reading Greek authors instead of the Latin translations of them. Greek was not a general study either in the great schools or the Universities of this country until much later. Indeed, the futile attempt to make it compulsory in high-grade schools—the invention of that foolish piece of wasteful aggression called "compulsory Greek"—did not occur until we were well launched in the nineteenth century. Latin had in very early times acquired the character of the *lingua franca* of learned men, and the mastery of it was a necessity until a century ago for all who would study learned works, and indeed, it is used to-day, although in a diminished degree, as a medium of publication.

But this plain and honest reason for the acquirement of Latin does not exist, and never has existed in the case of Greek. The schoolmasters who for centuries of well-established tradition had taught with increasing inefficiency that necessary key—the Latin tongue—to all their pupils, took it into their heads a hundred years ago, just when the whole of classical education was becoming effete, to magnify their office by forcing the Greek language on all their pupils. And they taught it in the same cumbrous way as that which they had arrived at in teaching Latin. For this they had really no justification or excuse. The enforce-



ment of Greek was due to sheer ignorance of subjects which might have been taught in the place of it, and has never been a success.

A so-called "classical education" has from time to time been defended on the ground that a really gifted teacher, taking a Latin or Greek author as his text, can make it the means of imparting to his class an immense variety of information in regard to science, history, morals and the art of expression. This is the attitude of the old-fashioned "scholar" who endeavored to bring universal knowledge to bear on the elucidation and illustration of his text. There is much to be said in favor of such a method of imparting knowledge to young pupils, and exciting their interest in a variety of problems. But there is this to be said against it as an exclusive and sole method. It was possible a century or more ago when a great commentator might aspire to something like universal knowledge; it is no longer a good method, because science has vastly progressed and no really adequate teacher of the kind could be found. The modern classical master knows his own limitations and does not attempt such teaching. More and more his range has become narrowed and specialized, and ceased to comprise a compendium of science as it once did. So that it is necessary to have several teachers to take up the various branches of universal knowledge which the old scholar attempted to expound in connection with his Latin or Greek text. But even were there such wonderful teachers to be found as the commentator-theory of classical education demands, there would be no reason why they should not take selected books of the English Bible or plays of Shakespeare for their texts instead of Latin and Greek productions.

It is when we consider the serious pretensions of those who, like Profes-

sor Zielinski of St. Petersburg, advocate the study of classical texts as the peg on which a great scholar and commentator can hang fragments of every science, art and history, that we fully realize what it is that has happened to our school education. Science was actually and genuinely taught by the aid of Latin texts of Greek and Roman authors two hundred years ago. Within the memory of many of us, Aristotle was regularly spoken of at Oxford as "Science." The examination paper in Aristotle was the "Science" paper. But a great change has occurred since those old days. What has happened is this—Aristotle has ceased to be studied as a text-book of science. All the classical authors, once studied as real sources of information, have ceased to be so studied. The natural sciences and even history are not studied in those writers. These subjects have passed into new and far advanced developments, but the dear old writers' books remain, and are still, by mere force of habit and inertia, pounded at, mis-translated and explained as though it really mattered what they say. This brings me to the explanation of the antithesis which I have taken as title of this essay—"Compulsory Science *versus* Compulsory Greek." It is because the study of Greek *was* the study of Science—but is no longer so and cannot possibly be made any longer to be so—that Science must be taught independently and of set purpose without Greek and instead of Greek, and as a primary and compulsory subject. It is because the study of Greek is no longer, as once it was, the study of Science, that Greek must cease to be a compulsory subject, and that the acquirement of the Greek language (never successfully accomplished) must no longer even be attempted in schools. The immense amount of time thus set free, the unassigned energy, and the improved

mental health thus gained by the extinction of a mind-crippling tyranny, must be devoted to doing that very work in school education, viz. instruction in Science, which the study of the classics at one time performed, but for more than a century has been unable to touch. The various branches of natural science naturally and properly take the place of the shrivelled pretense of fallen Greek omniscience which is called "compulsory Greek." The sciences in virtue of which Greek was originally sought and honored, must now, as a universal and compulsory part of good education, be studied in their actual living form.

The usurpation of the leading position in human organizations by a method or by a man, originally encouraged only as a subordinate means to the achievement of greater ends, is a characteristic feature in the failure of human effort. The inferior and accidental stepping-stone tends to receive the adoration of the crowd, and the kingdom beyond, to which the stepping-stone was meant to lead, is forgotten. It is thus that Greek has temporarily taken the place of Science and must now be dismissed. It is thus that the hall-porter in his gold lace uniform has masqueraded as the lord of the palace, and must now be repressed. It is thus that the art of stage-dancing has degenerated to mere exercises in toe-stepping, and that musical compositions and performances are valued not for their beauty, but for their difficulty and technical skill.

The advocates of the retention of the curious rudimentary survivals of Greek study in our schools make use, in an elusive way, of first one and then another plea in its favor. The chief of them are:

(1) That the Greek language is well adapted for teaching in class by unskilled teachers and for examination competition. This needs no reply: as

a recommendation it is self-condemned.

(2) That it is a better training than any other in the use and analysis of language.

My reply is, that it is very doubtful whether it has any such advantage over English or Latin as to make it worth learning on that account.

(3) That Greek literature contains fine works of poetry and philosophy.

My reply is, that not one in a thousand who have acquired a little Greek reads them except in English translations.

(4) That the Greek civilization has an archaeological and anthropological interest as the starting point of all modern culture.

My reply is, that translations of Greek writings and actual Greek works of art are ample bases for the appreciation of this interest and its pursuit without knowledge of the Greek language, and that the most successful investigators of Greek archaeology have not been readers of ancient Greek. It would be consistent were these apologists to urge "compulsory Hebrew" as a school subject because our religion and our sacred books are of Jewish origin.

(5) Another curious plea in favor of compulsory Greek is that of the school-master who writes to the papers to say that he has taught Greek for fifty years and has always found that it produced abler boys than do modern studies.<sup>1</sup>

The reply to this is (a) that the clever boys are always pressed by the school-masters on to the classical side; (b) that the teaching of the modern subjects is always neglected and under-mastered; (c) that the gentleman who offers this class of testimonial to Greek does not know anything about "modern" subjects, what they are, how they are taught, or how they should be taught, nor what is their educational value

<sup>1</sup>See the postscript at the end of this Article.

when properly taught—and that the comparison which he makes by appealing to his onesided experience is without importance as evidence on the question of the comparative value of so-called classical and so-called “modern” subjects of school-education.

Having arrived at the chief reason for substituting Compulsory Science for Compulsory Greek in our great public schools, I will revert to the question as to the selection of branches of science for teaching in schools, the place to be assigned to other subjects, and also the very important question as to the method of teaching and the general treatment of subjects in school-education. I will touch on this last matter at once. There is no doubt in the mind of any sane person that the maintenance of order and decent behavior in a class, whether of very young or of older pupils, is an essential duty of the teacher, master or professor. There is also no doubt that next to this, as an essential condition of successful teaching, comes the power of arousing and holding the attention of the class. There has grown up and become established, owing in my opinion to the incapable class of men who have for many generations past been those chiefly employed to teach in schools, and owing to the unreasonable and irksome mode of teaching the elements of the Latin and Greek languages, which has become a tradition with them—an erroneous notion that school lessons must be drudgery, that boys naturally must hate these lessons and that they must be driven by a stern and hostile master through the process of learning by heart certain rules of grammar and certain lines of prose and verse, and that, although the boys’ intelligence is in no way appealed to or brought into activity, yet they have thus been “well-grounded” and have received “a thorough training.” A training in what? It is merely a training in con-

tempt and dislike for what are called “lessons” and often for those who officiate at them. The method is thoroughly bad: it has become worse, age by age, and is now really farcical. It never leads to a real knowledge of either Greek or Latin, and the more tractable boys submitted to it become very frequently (I do not say invariably) seriously injured mentally. They lose all their youthful interest in the things of Nature, become gloomy and pedantic and acquire a false estimate of the realities of existence and of their own powers and relation to the world around them. Often this unfortunate twisting of the mind is continued during some years at the University, and although many of the victims, when their period of study is over and they have arrived at manhood, attain the conviction that they have received a one-sided, sadly defective education, and try to pick up in later years some knowledge of the various branches of science, it is usually too late for them to do so. They remain with warped intelligence, painfully conscious of their ignorance and anxious to conceal it.

It is, I think, an essential thing that Natural Science should not be taught in the spirit or by the methods which have degraded so-called “classical education”—a degradation necessarily ensuing upon the unchecked monopoly which “classical learning” has been allowed, to our national disgrace and injury, to arrogate to itself. It would be better that Science should not be taught in our public schools at all, than that it should sink as a school-subject into the mummified condition presented by “Compulsory Greek.” Many of those engaged in teaching Natural Science in our better schools, of late years, are alert on this point, and do not intend to allow their teaching to become a worthless thing of rules, exercises and sums. But there

has been danger of this in the recent past. I remember examining, some thirty years ago, the chemistry class of a public school which had been taught a series of formulæ and sums from a wretched little cram-book—and had never been shown an experiment or demonstration. This evil tendency, in my opinion (I dare say my view is not largely shared), was shown when, in the Preliminary Science Examination at Oxford, a skill in working out sums in mechanics and optics was required, in place of a modicum of practical acquaintance with the experiments by which the main facts have been demonstrated with regard to the phenomena of Motion, Sound, Light, Heat, and Electricity. The admirable courses of lectures and demonstrations on what used to be called Experimental Philosophy have, I fear, been generally abandoned in schools and colleges in favor of the pedantic logic of administering a thorough grounding and drudgery in quantitative work, adapted to the examination juggernaut which leads nowhere, but ends for most boys and undergraduates—where it began. These things may have been reconsidered of late years: I hope they have. I hope and believe that the small band of teachers of Natural Science who have been grudgingly admitted into our great schools will always themselves feel a real interest and enthusiasm for the science they teach, and be able to command the attention and interest of the youngest, as well as of the oldest of their pupils. If the teacher aims successfully, not at forcing a boy to go through what is to him incomprehensible drudgery, but at exciting his interest and desire to know more about the thing which has thus excited his interest, the day is won. The art of teaching—a real and beautiful art—consists in thus exciting interest, and making use of the spontaneous effort to learn more which the pupil is ready to give.

Step by step this process of exciting curiosity, and then judiciously gratifying it, until another excitement of the flagging attention is necessary, must be used, and that not by any cut-and-dried routine procedure, but by the use of quick perception and sympathetic understanding on the part of the teacher. The teacher must have a true delight in what he is doing, and enjoy the effort of skill by which he adapts his teaching to the capacity of his class and leads his pupils on bit by bit, day after day, by carefully selected ways of demonstration and experiment to the achievement of a real knowledge of great facts and principles.

In conclusion I will briefly state what I hold to be a possible and desirable course of school education when Compulsory Science has banished the usurper—Compulsory Greek. Let us suppose a six years' course to be followed by a boy from the age of eleven to seventeen. I hold that at seventeen he should leave school and go to college or university, choosing for himself, when there, a chief and two subordinate subjects for more thorough study. Further, I will suppose that there are three school terms of twelve weeks each, and that there are five mornings (9 to 12) and five afternoons (2 to 4) of school-work in each week. For convenience I divide school studies into two groups. For want of better names I call the first "Equipment Studies," the second "Final Studies." As equipment studies I reckon—

1. English language and recitation;
2. Practical acquirement of the Latin language;
3. Practical acquirement of the French language;
4. Practical acquirement of the German language;
5. Arithmetic.
6. Simple algebra;
7. Geometry and practical measurement of surfaces;

8. Measurement of spatial relations and perspective;
  9. Chemical manipulation.
  10. Simple geography and cartography with ethnography;
  11. Some kind of handicraft.
- As final studies I would reckon—
1. English literature;
  2. English history;
  3. Ancient history and archaeology;
  4. Modern history;
  5. General literature;
  6. Chemistry;
  7. Experimental physics;
  8. Biology;
  9. Geology and physical geography;
  10. Physiology and the Laws of Health;
  11. Astronomy.

I should give the mornings to the harder and less interesting work of the equipment studies—and for these a less accomplished type of teacher would be required than for the afternoon lessons or lectures in the final subjects. In six years of 180 mornings each, three of the equipment subjects might be worked for one hour each, every morning in successive years. I should begin with English, Latin and arithmetic: after two years substitute French for Latin and geography for English—and so on. There would be no difficulty in securing a thorough use of the subjects enumerated by means of active teaching in the time assigned. Of course the time-table would be varied—half-hours given to some subjects instead of whole hours, and past subjects reverted to and kept up by special classes. With regard to the final subjects—they are so called because they are the end or goal to be sought by means of the equipment studies. But they would of course be taught only in outline—in well-considered outline—suitable to young people. There should be no pretence of “thoroughness” or a “grounding” with a view to

a later real handling of the subject—which like Henry James’s “Madonna of the Future” never is realized. But the teaching should be accurate and the limitation of its amount be determined by great and judicious teachers. I should begin with chemistry, experimental physics and English history in the first two years, and then get on to ancient history and archaeology, geology and physical geography and biology in the next two. In the fifth year I should put in courses on English literature, modern history and physiology, while in the sixth there would be general literature, astronomy, and some repetition of one or more of the other courses.

I am perfectly well aware that almost every teacher will exclaim that this scheme is preposterous and could lead only to superficiality and confusion. But that I believe to be an illusion, due to the fact that I have named distinctly several subjects which are often confused under one head. I see no reason to doubt that the power of talking and reading the Latin language could be acquired in two years’ daily study, and the same with French were the methods of the Berlitz School employed by teachers as capable as those of the Berlitz School. And with regard to the final subjects, it must be remembered that I, at any rate, do not desire any more than does the advocate of so-called “classical education” to make boys into chemists or historians or physiologists. The thing to be arrived at seems to me to be a fairly accurate knowledge of some leading and essential parts of a great many branches of knowledge—a genuine peep or survey which can be extended or completed in later years, if the aptitude exist. It must be noted that I have only assumed five hours’ class work on five days a week, and that leaves a great deal of time both for preparation and revision of notes in

the evenings, and for independent reading or pursuit of a subject, as opportunity might offer in the conditions of home life. The subjects which I think it would be wise to carry furthest, and to which I would give most time during school education, are chemistry, geology, the systematic parts of zoology and botany (included in my list under biology), and a complete scheme or chart of European history. I would also attach very great importance to the learning by heart of a considerable amount of selected passages of the best English prose authors and poets, and also of similar Latin and French selections; and I should make a point of seeing that these were not merely committed to memory and then forgotten, but by returning to them at intervals I should endeavor to make sure that they had become a possession for ever. Of such accomplishments as drawing and painting, singing and the use of musical instruments, I have said nothing. But there would be time for them, and in my opinion, they should be compulsory parts of the education of younger boys. The study and appreciation of art would come after the school period of education.

*Postscript.*—Since this article was written I have had a conversation on the subject with which it deals, with an old friend, who gained the highest prizes and distinctions in classical studies at the University, and has now been for many years a house-master in one of the greatest and best of our old "public schools." He said: "It is all very well to talk about the value of natural science, but it is not fitted for teaching to a class of boys as Latin and Greek are. With Latin and Greek you can give the boys something to learn by heart, and you can see that they learn it, and punish them if they do not. Now you can't do that with natural science. It is not adapted to

school-teaching." This remark is a fair example of the state of mind of a large number of schoolmasters. It discloses the assumption that to make a boy "learn something by heart" is a sufficient and satisfactory result, and that the choice of subjects in education should be guided by the ease with which the schoolmaster can thus apply them, and not by their value in feeding and developing the boy's mind, except as a subordinate consideration.

It also shows how entirely erroneous is the notion which a first-class classical scholar may have of the possibilities of perverting the instruction given as "natural science" into the form of "lessons to be learnt by heart." The list of the chemical elements, their atomic weights and the periodic law, endless lists of "physical constants," the enormous lists of the classification of animals and plants, of geological strata and their subdivisions, might all be used by the schoolmaster as "lessons to be learnt by heart" by his pupils without effort on his part, and with only a little more benefit to the schoolboy than the lessons in Greek and Latin grammar advocated by my friend.

Happily no teacher of natural science would at the present day tolerate such a degradation of educational methods in his subject, although it is to this pass that, after centuries of monopoly, our boasted "classical education" has come with the cheerful approval of distinguished scholars such as my friend. It is, of course, of value to the young student to acquire and retain in his memory such lists as those which I have cited above, but the mere storing of the memory with these details is only a small part of his training: its abuse is one of the dangers to which perfunctory teaching and "the examination habit" constantly expose the schoolboy and the undergraduate.



## RETALIATION.

It was with genuine regret that I bade good bye to Gunga Singh. In him the regiment lost a good soldier and I a personal friend.

As I watched the stalwart figure of the young Sikh disappear round a bend of the drive, which led from the bungalow, I felt inclined to send a message down to the regimental lines and summon the Afridi company that I might tell them exactly what I thought of them. For it was they who had driven Gunga Singh to cut his name. He had borne their torments unflinchingly and with calm dignity for months, but the breaking-point had been reached at last, and now he was off to start life afresh overseas.

The trouble began whilst the regiment lay on the frontier, and Sikandar, the Mahsud, was the *fons et origo* of the mischief. Sikandar was a border ruffian of a pronounced type. Battle, murder, and sudden death were the salient features of his history. It is true an undercurrent of romance flowed beneath the turgid flood of his sordid brutalities, and at times, there was not wanting a dash of humor—at the expense, needless to say, of his victims—to relieve the grimness of the tale; nevertheless Sikandar was an unmitigated nuisance, and a source of terror to His Majesty's peaceful lieges along the border.

The cold-blooded murder of a Hindoo merchant on the Government road, which, even in the eyes of the clansmen, is regarded as holy ground, first placed Sikandar beyond the pale; and once he had fairly started along the road which leads to the gallows, he followed it hot-foot. Having rallied to his standard a posse of kindred spirits, he and his merry men soon established a lucrative business along the trade-route between India and Khoras-

san. Caravans were robbed, the mails held up, and sentries stalked and shot upon their beats. A price was put upon Sikandar's head, and in the frontier posts our lives were made a burden to us. Patrols toiled unceasingly over the gridiron of hills and valleys which form the marches of India in its northwest corner, and at all hours of the day and night we were worried and harassed with sensational reports of the arch-robber's exploits. Zealous "Politicals" were continually discovering clues to his whereabouts, and we, with equal regularity but considerably more toll, were continually proving each clue to be a mare's nest. Horse and foot, we labored incessantly to get on even terms with the miscreants, till the weeks grew into months and still Sikandar and his gang ran free amongst the hills, levying toll in blood and money.

But the hour of reckoning struck at last, and Sikandar was one day tamely captured by a small patrol. They came upon him alone whilst he was saying the evening prayer. For, as we discovered on better acquaintance, Sikandar was most punctilious in the performance of his devotions. He had despatched his merry men upon an errand, and it was whilst awaiting their return that he allowed the patrol to surprise him. The surprise was at first mutual. Sikandar had laid aside his rifle and sandals in order to repeat his prayers, and when the patrol appeared he hesitated for one fateful moment between war and diplomacy. Diplomacy won the toss. Theoretically, it should have succeeded, as the chances were against his being recognized; for, in addition to the fact that none of us had the honor of his personal acquaintance, the most sanguine of patrols would have found it difficult to realize

that the redoubtable Sikandar would actually walk into their arms. On the other hand, had he decided to fight, the odds were heavily against him.

But Fortune is a fickle jade, and Sikandar's star was set. For whilst the non-commissioned officer of the patrol was passing the time of day with the devout stranger, an inquisitive young sepoy caught sight of the regimental number of the stock of Sikandar's rifle. Without more ado he threw himself bodily on the outlaw. In a few moments the prisoner was securely bound, and the patrol lost no time in placing as many miles between them and the spot as possible, for they were fully alive to all the possibilities of the situation, and had no mind to meddle just then with the smaller fry of the gang.

When the party arrived at the fort, the news of the capture spread like wildfire, and Sikandar's vanity should have been tickled by the amount of interest his appearance awakened. The joyful tidings were at once tapped on to the wires, and soon the whole frontier was throbbing with delight and calculating the additional "nights in bed" it could now enjoy and the arrears of sleep due. Meanwhile safe lodging was provided for the captive, pending the receipt of orders as to his disposal.

The summer was at its height. The heat within the walls of the fort was well-nigh insupportable. Inside the guard-room it was more than human beings could survive. We had caught the greatest criminal on the border, but we had no desire to roast him alive, so, instead of consigning him to a lingering death inside the guard-room cell, we bound him hand and foot and let him live in the open air like the rest of us.

In appearance Sikandar was not prepossessing. Of middle height, his broad shoulders, deep chest, and short,

sturdy legs conveyed an impression of vast strength. His hair fell in a tangled mass to his neck, and was cut off square at the nape. His face was of a light-brown shade, eyes deep-set, nose flat and fleshy, and mouth large, thin-lipped, and cruel. A close-clipped moustache and scrubby beard did nothing to redeem a decidedly uncomely countenance. A rope of twisted red cloth, very greasy, was wound round his head. His body was clothed in a long dirty-white tunic of homespun reaching half-way between thigh and knee. A red waist-cloth, voluminous trousers, and a pair of palm-leaf sandals, completed his attire.

On first arrival our unwilling guest maintained a morose silence, refused food and drink, and behaved much as would a wild animal fresh taken from the jungle. But after he had recovered from the chill shock of capture he expanded genially and long before the expiration of the week which, thanks to the delays and formalities with which legal proceedings are ever to be identified, he spent with us, our captive was on terms of jovial familiarity with his gaolers. He appeared to become quite reconciled to his fate, and, as though anxious to make reparation for the past, threw himself with almost frenzied energy into the exercise of prayer. At his earnest request the services of the regimental Maulvi were placed at his disposal, and the repentant Sikandar passed many hours in the company of His Reverence acquiring merit. Needless to say, such extreme piety did not pass unnoticed, but made a deep impression upon the Afridi company. So exemplary, indeed, was the prisoner's behavior, that no relaxation compatible with his safe custody was withheld from him. Indeed we were all not a little fascinated by the wild border thief. Villain as he was, he had shown himself a dauntless leader of men, and the glamour of his

adventurous career cast a spell over us, making us almost wish that the end of the bold highlander could be other than a shameful death on the gallows.

At last, one evening, the orders arrived for Sikandar to be marched under strong escort to the headquarters station of the district to stand his trial. All the necessary preparations were made for an early start on the morrow. On the whole, we were relieved to think that our responsibilities with regard to so valuable a prisoner were nearly at an end, though these feelings were not entirely untinged with a somewhat illogical regret.

That last night of Sikandar's sojourn amongst us was hotter than usual. Not a breath of air stirred, and the mud walls of the fort seemed almost to glow with heat after the sun had set. We all slept *sub love*. The guard, as usual, had the prisoner tied into his bed, which was placed within a circle of others occupied by the sentries' reliefs. The havildar of the guard slept on the bed next to that of Sikandar. The guard consisted, as was the custom, of a mixture of Afridis and Sikhs. It is thus that the maxim *divide et impera* receives practical interpretation in the Indian Army. Sikh and Pathan, Dogra and Punjabi Mahomedan, stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to repel the King's enemies, but equally prepared to drive bayonets into each other at His Majesty's command,—for oil and water will commingle sooner than Hindoo and Mahomedan will love one another or share one another's ambitions, be these political, social, or professional.

The commander of the guard that night was Dilawar Khan, a havildar of the Afridi company. He was a striking-looking man, with a fair complexion and blue eyes, a handsome nose and a long flaxen beard of which he was extremely proud. In European garb he would have passed for a splen-

did Saxon. Many years of gallant service stood to Dilawar's credit, and the day was not far off when the three stripes on his arm were bound to be replaced by the stars of the Jemadar, or native subaltern, on his shoulders, for it had practically been decided that he should fill the next vacancy in the commissioned ranks of the Afridi company. But, alas for human hopes! Dilawar fell a victim to Sikandar—the last that the outlaw could claim.

Had he remained amongst the mountains of Tirah instead of entering the service of Government, Dilawar would undoubtedly have become a mullah. He would have preached *jehad* for the glory of Allah and his Prophet. He might even have turned *ghazi* himself, and crowned death with martyrdom. For the fires of his faith burned fiercely within him, and it was only the iron will of the man that kept them under restraint. For an Afridi he was well educated. He had sat at the feet of a mullah of great repute when a youth, and from him had imbibed education and enthusiasm for the faith. A family quarrel, however, changed the current of his life, and the hot-headed youth forsook home, kindred, and master, and took service under the banner of the Great Sirkar. His conspicuous ability, dash, and the influence he exerted over his comrades, soon marked him for promotion, and he rapidly ascended the ladder till the topmost rungs were practically in his grasp.

On this eventful night Dilawar came face to face with the second crisis of his life, and this time he was called upon to choose between his faith and his duty. On the one side the life of a fellow Moslem lay in the hollow of his hand; on the other was loyalty to the Government whose salt he ate. One path led to a blissful hereafter; the other to wealth, honor, and all that a soldier holds dear on earth. The

strenuous plety of the wily Sikandar had raked up the smouldering fires within Dilawar, and it needed but that last whispered appeal from the doomed man to his fellow Mahomedan, as they lay side by side in the still, dark night, to fan the embers into flame. But if Dilawar was a zealous Moslem, he was also a Pathan, and a desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds is a weakness with every Pathan. So Dilawar decided upon a compromise. He would acquire merit by rescuing a true Believer, but, at the same time, he would contrive that appearances would in no way jeopardize his credit with the Infidel. It was the will of Allah that he should be on guard this night, and, if the prisoner escaped, that too would be the will of the All Merciful.

Silence lay over the fort, broken only by the monotonous tread of the sentries as they measured their beats along the walls. There was no moon, but the night was clear and starlit. The white-sheeted beds of the sleeping garrison stood about in clusters in all directions, and gave the courtyard of the fort the appearance of a badly arranged graveyard.

Suddenly a shot rang out, accompanied by a piercing yell. A second shot followed immediately after. In an instant every bed was empty, and the men who slept with their rifles buckled to their wrists, were doubling to their alarm-posts. The guard had already stood to arms, and Dilawar, a smoking rifle in his hand, was making towards one of the sentries on the wall. The sentry was leaning over the parapet peering down into the darkness below.

There was no need to ask what had happened. Sikandar's bed was empty, and the rope with which he had been bound lay beside it. The Commandant at once joined Dilawar and the sentry who had fired. The man was Gunga Singh, the Sikh. His story ran

that he had seen a white figure make a sudden dash from amongst the beds of the guard, climb on to the wall, and leap over. He fired just as the fugitive balanced himself for an instant on the crest of the parapet, and he felt sure he had hit him. The second shot seemed to him to come from the direction of the guard. Here Dilawar interrupted the speaker, and explained that, awakened by the sentry's shot and at once realizing what had happened, he fired his rifle to give the alarm.

Without delay a party of men hurried out to search for the escaped prisoner. They had not far to look. Sikandar lay dead close under the parapet, shot through the back. He had cheated the gallows after all.

Again the telegraph instruments were set a-ticking, and the news of Sikandar's death was known from Harai to Peshawar before the sun was over the hills.

There followed the inevitable Court of Inquiry, the military Coroner's Inquest which deals with all the accidents which can befall the soldier, from the loss of his boots to the loss of his life. After the usual amount of browbeating and cross-questioning on the part of the court, and the customary contradictions, subterfuges, and prevarications on the part of the native witnesses, Havildar Dilawar Khan was deprived of his belt and side-arms and was placed under close arrest. Then came the court-martial, and the truth, or rather, as much thereof as was necessary to convict Dilawar of permitting, if not aiding and abetting, the escape of a prisoner confided to his care, was dragged out of the witnesses. For it would indeed be rash to suppose that any judicial inquiry in India, be it ever so skilfully conducted, can be expected to elicit the whole truth.

In due course the finding and sen-

tence of the court were confirmed, and, with military promptitude, promulgated at a parade of the whole garrison. Dilawar was the central figure, and the cup of bitterness was surely filled to overflowing when the drum-major of the regiment, a Sikh, advanced towards the unhappy man and pulled the stripes from his arm, removed the regimental badges from his shoulders, and cut off the buttons of his jacket. Next day the regiment knew Dilawar Khan no more.

But sometimes "the evil that men do lives after them"; and so it was with Dilawar. As far as the regiment was concerned he no longer lived; but he had left behind him, amongst his intimate friends and admirers in the Afridi Company, as a legacy, a burning desire to square accounts with the young Sikh whom in their childish and vindictive unreason these hot-headed partisans blamed for the downfall of their hero. That an unbelieving dog of a Sikh should have killed a gallant—albeit outlawed—Pathan was bad enough; but that he should, further, have been instrumental in bringing ignominy and ruin upon another Pathan who (and here the shoe pinched hard) was shortly to become their patron and a source of many good things—including promotion and unlimited leave—was more than flesh and blood could endure. If only they could have smuggled that Sikh across the border in to Yagistan, how simply and even pleasantly the whole affair could have been adjusted! But, alas! in the woe-fully law-inflicted realms of the Sirkar cumbrously slow and laborious methods would have to be employed, and even then the satisfaction to be derived would probably be more than doubtful.

However, days, weeks, and months passed without anything happening to disturb the even tenor of our lives. Sikandar's death had given the frontier

peace for the time being. His merry men, bereft of their chief, dispersed to their homes amongst the mountains, and, no doubt lived luxuriously on the fruits of more strenuous days. The stirring events connected with the capture and attempted escape had ceased to be the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the fort, and our minds began to be occupied with alternate hopes and fears regarding the approaching winter reliefs, which, we fervently prayed, would see us moving to more congenial surroundings as far removed from the frontier outposts as possible. If there was anything that might have struck a close observer as being a departure from the normal, it was the improvement in the behavior of the Afridis. They seemed to have turned over a new leaf and to have become models of military virtue. But if any one gave it a second thought, the improvement was probably attributed to the sobering effect which Dilawar's fall might have had upon them. No doubt it would soon wear off!

Then a strange thing happened. One night, soon after "lights out" had sounded, and we were all snug in bed, a series of shots in rapid succession sent us hurrying to our alarm-posts. Again it was Gunga Singh, the Sikh, who had fired. He happened to be on duty at the same post as when he shot Sikandar. This time he explained that, hearing the tread of feet, accompanied by the clatter of loose stones, in the ravine beneath his post, he had challenged. Receiving no answer, he had fired at a dark object which he saw, or thought he saw, moving towards him. All was, however, now still, and the enemy or thieves must have either withdrawn on finding themselves discovered, or were waiting till the alarm should have subsided before making another advance. A strong patrol was immediately ordered out and the parapet manned. The

patrol cautiously felt their way down the ravine, but could discover no trace of an enemy. After a long and careful search they were about to return to the fort, when one of the flank men reported that he thought he heard the groans of some stricken creature. Following the direction from which the sounds appeared to come, the patrol discovered a cow lying mortally wounded among some boulders. The mystery was therefore solved, and a titter ran round the walls as the leader of the patrol shouted out the news.

But for Gunga Singh there was no humor in the situation. He, a Sikh, had killed a cow—that is, had committed the foulest sacrilege of which a Hindoo can be guilty. He would thenceforth be unclean—a pariah amongst his brethren. The native officer of his company asked permission for him to be relieved at his post, and, having obtained it, snatched the rifle from the unhappy man and pushed him from the place with curses calculated to wither him on the spot.

The old Sikh priest of the regiment then took Gunga Singh in hand, and immediately instituted a rigorous course of purification. After certain preliminaries had been duly fulfilled, Gunga Singh was given leave in order that he might betake himself to the sacred Ganges and wash and be clean. Many were the penances that were required of him, heavy the fees he paid before he was permitted again to share the cup and platter. But he fulfilled all that was required of him without a murmur and with the steadfast courage of a true Sikh, and came

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

back to the regiment prepared to take up the thread of life where he had left it. This, however, he was not allowed to do. He met with no overt hostility; no one abused him or threw the past in his teeth, yet Gunga Singh found it impossible to settle down in his old place. It was not that his brother Sikhs had not forgiven him; they had received him back into their midst with every token of good comradeship, and even his stern old company officer had bade him a gruff but kindly welcome. Nevertheless, even the British officers could not but be sensible that a subtle influence was at work throughout the regiment—that strange indefinable suggestion of "something wrong," which none know so well how to inspire as the natives of India—and Gunga Singh became daily more miserable.

The Afridis meanwhile remained steeped in what might be termed absolutely obtrusive virtue.

At last the strain became more than the proud young soldier could bear, and Gunga Singh left us to woo fortune afresh, still beneath the banner of the Great Sirkar, but under far distant skies.

On his departure the Afridis regained their normal high spirits, and once more the "defaulter's call" sounded through the lines with monotonous regularity.

"Gunga Singh's Cow" has become a regimental legend, and any newcomer who seeks enlightenment on the subject, or is curious to know "how the cow got there," is advised to ask the Afridi Company!



# THE GARDENS OF CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.

May is the poet's month, and when it opened under the Old Calendar, some fourteen days later than it has done since 1752, it was perhaps a little nearer the poet's ideal than it often is with us, who jibe at May, and wear surcoats in June. To Chaucer, indeed, May was the perfect month of the year. He never wearies of slinging its praise. In a land still thickly forested and undyked, winter wore a sterner aspect, and spring a diviner radiance than with us. The month of May gleams through the gladness and the sadness of the *Knights Tale*.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,  
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe Maye.

And this superb romance, one of the greatest inventions of an English pen, opens, after a necessary prologue, with an exquisite description of a garden in the prime of May. Mr. Sieveking, in the charming introduction to his edition of various essays on gardens by the great stylists of the seventeenth century, draws attention to the statement in *The Legacy of Gardening*, published in 1651, that "Gardening is of few years' standing in England." The passage, quoted at length by Mr. Sieveking, apparently only refers to what is called by our modern garden essayist "the kitchen or utilitarian garden," though this is not altogether clear. But in any event, both the author of the *Legacy of Gardening*, and Thomas Fuller, who followed his lead, are wrong if they meant to do more than tell us that at the end of the sixteenth century Dutch gardening was giving encouragement and new resources to our own gardeners. This is clear enough, even in the case of the kitchen garden, from various passages

in the plays of Shakespeare, while Chaucer, and many another writer, tells us of glad garden-closes long before the days of gardening had begun in the Dutch lowlands. Who can forget the garden in the *Knights Tale*, the Athenian garden planted in England, where the shining Emelle, the young sister of Ipolita the Queen, walked on a fair May morning in sight of those woeful prisoners Arcite and Palamon? If we look with their eyes from the square barred window in the keep down into the garden, we light on a happy picture:—

. . . Emelle, that fairer was to sene  
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene  
And fresher than the Maye with floures newe  
(For with the rose color strove hire hewe  
In'ot which was the finer of hem two).

She was walking there to do honor to May morning and the sunrising. A child, as fresh as any rose, as songful as any bird, she walked in the dawn:—

Hire yelwe here was brolded in a tresse,  
Behind her back, a yarde long I gesse.  
And in the garden at the sonne uprist  
She walketh up and down wher as she list.  
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,  
To make a sotel garland for hire hed,  
And as an angel hevenlich she sang.

The dungeon keep lay beside the garden wall, and thence, looking down, the woeful prisoner Palamon, as the day broke over the noble city, saw the garden-close and its happy warbler,

And eke the garden, full of branches grene  
Ther as this freshe Emelle shene  
Was in hire walk, and romed up and down.

The contrast of such beauty and such woe as this, struck Palamon to the heart:—

The fayrnesse of a lady that I se  
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro  
Is cause of all my crying and my wo.

Chaucer's Athenian garden, where the freshness of an English spring belies the far-off name, inspired the creation of another and scarcely less famous garden in literature, hardly a quarter of a century after great Chaucer was buried in the Chapel of St. Benedict in the Abbey. It is the garden of the Tower of London, made famous in *The Kingis Quhair*, written by King James I. of Scotland when in captivity. When he gazed down into the garden and there saw the beauteous Joan Beaufort, he must have recalled the story of Palamon and Emelle. His poem indeed proves this. But first let us see his garden, his May-time English garden:—

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,  
A garden fair, and in the corners set  
An arbor green, with wandés long and small  
Ralléd about; and so with treés set  
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges  
knet  
That life was none walking there  
forby,  
That might withín scarce any wight  
espy.  
So thick the boughés met the leavés  
green,  
Beshaded all the alleys that were there;  
And midst of every arbor might be  
seen  
The sharpé, greené, sweeté, juniper,  
Growing so fair, with branches here  
and there;  
That, as it seeméd to a life without,  
The boughés spread the arbór all  
about.

And on the smallé greené twistis sat  
The little sweeté nightingale, and sang  
So loud and clear the hymnés consecrat

Of Love's use; now soft, now loud  
among  
That all the garden and the wallés  
rung  
Right of their song.

It was in this Garden of the Tower that King James espied Joan Beaufort walking with her two women:—

Ah, sweet, are ye a worldly créature  
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature.  
Or are ye god Cupidé's own princess  
And comen are to loose me out of  
band?  
Or are ye very Nature, the goddess  
That have depainted with your heav-  
enly hand  
This garden full of flowers as they  
stand?

This golden-haired maiden, decked (says the poet) with pearls and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, crowned with "a chaplet fresh of hue," and flower o' broom, showed "her fair fresh face, as white as any snow," as she walked under "the sweet green boughs," and won the heart of a captive King.

These English gardens of the fourteenth century were part of the poetry of a romantic age, when the damoiselles and damoiseaux of each little feudal Court wandered from Bower to Garden-close (thick set with hedges and roses, planned with walks and arbors) in that atmosphere of chivalry which did so much to soften the harshness and violence of medieval life. Garden culture was not the least part of the culture of the age. The Romans had brought their gardens, with so many other things and institutions that in changing forms have survived, to Britain, and it is pleasing enough to look back on the lost springs of half a thousand years ago, and on the lost gardens of their kings and queens. Each of us can cry, with Charles d'Orleans, "*Jennesse sur moi a puissance*," when the spring time stirs our garden

as it stirred those gardens. We can, if we think truly and strongly enough, answer poor François Villon; we can call up once again the gardens and those that walked therein, and so answer the plaintive cry:—

Dictes moy où, n'en quel pays,  
Est Flora, la belle Rommaine?

She is here, and with her are all her company.

Shakespeare knew this well enough, and we must wander, with easy scorn of speeding centuries, from the gardens of Chaucer and the King to his gardens, so sweet and full of spiritual help. They are his own gardens, not the brilliant gardens of earth and earthly love that the exquisite art of Pierre de Ronsard pictures in a thousand forms, that are sad with the sadness that haunted Ronsard and his school, the thought that love and beauty do not abide:—

Et bref, Rose, tu es belle sur toute chose

and yet the Rose and the Gardens of Bourguell must pass utterly away. It was not so with Shakespeare; he knew, at least as well as Keats, that

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases.

The garden to Shakespeare is utilitarian in the most spiritual of senses; it is a symbol of spiritual growth. To see this we have but to turn to the wonderful Garden Scene in *King Richard II.* (Act III., Scene IV.). The Queen and her two ladies are in the garden seeking "to drive away the heavy thought of care"; but all sport fails them and suddenly the Queen cries:—

But stay, here come the gardeners:  
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

A touch that gives a sense of size to the garden. Then instantly follows a dialogue, between the gardeners that gives us a clear peep into Elizabethan gardening methods while we hear the moral of the life of unwise Richard:—

*Gardener.* Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,  
Which like unruly children, make their sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our Commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.  
You thus employ'd I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*First Servant.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,  
Keep law, and form, and due proportion?  
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate.  
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,  
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,  
Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,  
Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs  
Swarming with caterpillars . . .

*Gardener.* O, what pity is it,  
That he hath not so trimmed and dressed his land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous  
boughs  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may  
live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the  
crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite  
thrown down.

The Queen can bear no more and  
breaks in on this doctrine of the gar-  
den. When she has gone the gardener  
ends with a touch that is immortal:—

Here did she shed a tear; here in this  
place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of  
grace:  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall  
be seen  
In the remembrance of a weeping  
queen.

Could not a treatise be written on  
Shakespeare's garden-herbs and flow-  
ers? Ophelia, the Rose of May, knew  
all about them, and of the Rue knew  
most:—

There's Rosemary, that's for remem-  
brance; pray, Love, remember: and  
there is Pansies, that's for thoughts.  
. . . There's Fennel for you, and  
Columbines:—There's Rue for you; and  
here's some for me: we may call it  
Herb of Grace o' Sundays:—You may  
wear your Rue with a difference—  
There's a Daisy:—I would give you  
some Violets, but they withered all  
when my father died.

Well might Gertrude strew her grave  
with flowers—

There's Rosemary and Rue.

From so sad a scene let us turn for  
a space to the utilitarian garden of  
Elizabethan times, not procured, we  
may believe, from Holland. It was as  
plentifully supplied as ours, saving, of  
course, the potato, even then on its  
way thither from even more romantic  
climes. Alexander Iden's Garden in  
Kent, where Jack Cade laid down his  
valorous life, was a walled garden in

the woods: "On a brick wall have I  
climbed into this garden, to see if I  
can eat grass, or pick a sallet another  
while which is not amiss to cool a  
man's stomach this hot weather."  
We see Iden walking in his garden:—

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the  
Court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as  
these?  
This small inheritance, my father left  
me,  
Contenteth me and worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by other's wan-  
ing;  
Or gather wealth, I care not with what  
envy.  
Sufficeth that I have, maintains my  
state,  
And sends the poor well pleaséd from  
my gate.

It is a pleasing picture and is clearly  
drawn from Nature, and we may fill it  
with fruits and flowers and herbs and  
more utilitarian produce from other  
passages in the plays. If we look be-  
yond the garden and beyond the woods  
we may see the village with

The white sheet bleaching on the  
hedge;

and the fields—

Rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats,  
and pease,

and hedges filled with blackberries or  
dewberries, and in the autumn watch  
the farm men

Sow the headland with wheat! with  
red wheat.

In the kitchen garden we shall find  
"onions" and "turnips." Who does  
not remember the wench who "married  
in an afternoon as she went to the gar-  
den for parsley to stuff a rabbit"? In  
the same garden were "good worts,  
good cabbage," and there, too, men  
used to "sow lettuce, set hyssop, and  
weed up thyme." There, too, they

could gather a "bunch of radish," even forked radish; and here hung "peas and beans as dank . . . as a dog." We fear that Rhubarb was used chiefly as a "purgative drug," but it was an age for drugs and the labors of the herbalist.

"Hot lavender, mints, savory, majoram," and sorrel we must add to the other herbs we have already smelt. Shakespeare draws lessons from the kitchen garden as well as from the set parterre. And the moral is put, with the ironic touch of which he was master, in the mouth of Iago: "Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills." What a model of will-power was Iago and what a moralist! We may doubt if any of Shakespeare's moralists has a finer lesson to teach than Iago with his garden moral.

It is pleasing to turn from the utilitarian garden (where, doubtless, the gooseberry of which Sir John Falstaff speaks grew) to the walled orchard where the Prince and Claudio walked, "In a thick-pleached alley." There were fruit trees in abundance, all well-pruned. There grew the medlar tree, there hung the poperin pear Mercutio knew of. It was Capulet's garden, an English garden, after all, whose

Orchard walls are high and hard to climb.

There Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed fed Bottom

With apricocks, and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

at Titania's gentle wish. There grew the codling that was to become an apple, and there were gathered "the dish

The Contemporary Review.

of applejohns"; and the strawberry, the plum, the cherry; and the fig that Constance speaks of. There, too, was the arbor where Sir John Falstaff would fain have eaten a pipkin of his own grafting with a dish of caraways. The walled orchard was full enough of fruits to delight the heart of childhood and satisfies the desires of our first parents. And through the lovely orchard we wander into that blessed flower garden of Bohemia which Shakespeare found on English soil and set in summer's ripest hour:—

The fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations and streaked gillyflowers,  
Which some call Nature's bastards.

Perdita and Polyxenes—not Iago—gives us the final garden parable:—

*Perdita.* I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their pinedness shares  
With great creating Nature.

*Polyxenes.* Say there be;  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,  
But Nature makes that mean; so over that art  
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentle scion to the wildest stock.  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race; this is an art  
Which does mend Nature—change it rather; but  
The art itself is Nature.

*Perdita.* So it is.

It is wonderful this turning of garden thoughts to the profoundest philosophy. It is good to tarry in this garden. Passage on passage fill it with successive perfumes of Spring and Summer and Autumn. Shakespeare's gardens are one more revelation of his universal interest in the inter-relation of man and Nature and their joint place in the serene scheme of things.

J. E. G. de M.

## THE RACE TO THE SOUTH POLE.

## LETTER FROM DR. NANSEN.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen writes from Lyssaker, under date April 20, as follows:—

I understand that Captain Amundsen has been blamed in the English Press for not having announced at an earlier date his intention of going to the South Pole before starting on his long North Polar expedition; the opinion being, as far as I can gather, that his plan ought to have been discussed beforehand; indeed, it seems that some people are even inclined to regard his action as unfair. I cannot but think that such views are due to some misconstruction of Amundsen's real motives, and as he is prevented by absence from defending himself, I hope you will permit me to give a statement of the facts in your columns. First, however, I wish to say that I have had much to do with Amundsen, and on all occasions, whatever the circumstances might be, he always acted as a man, and my firm conviction is that an unfair act of any kind would be entirely alien to his nature.

His decision to go to the Antarctic came as a surprise to us all, and I well understand that it might give rise to misconception to people who do not know him. In a letter sent from Madeira, and dated "The Fram, August 22, 1910," he explained his new plan to me. He says:—

It is not with a light heart I send you these lines, but there is no alternative, and I may therefore as well go straight to the point. When the news of Cook's and later on of Peary's journeys to the North Pole arrived last autumn, I understood at once that this spelt ruin to my undertaking [*i.e.*, the North Polar expedition]. I concluded that, after this, I could no more expect to receive the economical support I still needed. That I was right in this was

proved by the refusal of the Storting [*i.e.* the Norwegian Parliament] of my application for an additional grant of 25,000 kroner [£1,380].

To give up my undertaking never entered into my head. The question then arose how to raise the necessary funds. Unless something very much out of the common were accomplished, it was not to be thought of. Something that could rouse the interest of the great public was absolutely necessary. Only one problem is left within the Polar regions, the solution of which might excite general interest, and that is to reach the South Pole. If able to achieve this I felt sure that the funds for the North Polar expedition planned by me would be secured.

It is hard to confess, but the fact is that ever since September, 1909, it has been my intention to take part in the solution of this problem. I have many a time been on the point of telling you everything, but I always shrank from it, fearing that you might induce me to alter my plan. I have often wished that Scott had known of my decision, so that it might not appear as if I wished to steal my way down yonder without his knowledge, in order to get the start of him; but I have not ventured to risk to make it public in any form, fearing that I might then be prevented. I will, however, do all I can to meet him in the South Polar regions and tell him my plan.

It was thus as far back as September last year that this resolution was taken, and I think I may say that we are well equipped. But at the same time I must tell you that if I had succeeded in obtaining the funds still necessary for my North Polar expedition—about 150,000 kroner [£8,250]—I would gladly have given up this additional trip; but the raising of this sum was quite out of the question.

From Madeira we shape our course towards the south. . . . I cannot decide where we shall go ashore, but it is my intention not to land near the



English expedition. They of course have the first right; we shall have to be content with what they leave us.

In February-March, 1912, the *Fram* will return to fetch us. We shall first call at Lyttelton, New Zealand, in order to telegraph, and then proceed to San Francisco to continue the work thus interrupted, and, as I hope, with an equipment adequate for an expedition of the kind. . . .

Amundsen's position was therefore as follows:—After Cook's and Peary's return the interest for his North Polar expedition ceased; the support he had been promised from America, his last hope, was withdrawn, and the Norwegian Parliament refused to give him the additional grant required. No other resources were left. If nothing were done, the money of his supporters would be wasted. He had therefore either to give up the whole undertaking, on the preparation of which he had spent some years of his life, or to do something intended to rouse the interest of the public at large in order to put himself in a position to raise the money still wanting. He chose the latter course, and, fearing that we might advise him not to go to the Antarctic, and considering it his duty to take the responsibility on himself alone, he decided not to tell any of us who had assisted him with the preparations for the North Polar expedition about his new decision. And in this he was perhaps right. As for myself, I must admit that if I had known of his plan beforehand I might possibly have warned him against going South, for fear that it would be too hard a strain upon a man first to go on a trying South Polar expedition and then straight away to a drift voyage across the North Polar Basin calculated to last at least five or six years. I have never heard of any plan approaching it, and although my opinion is that Amundsen, if anybody, is the very man to carry out such a gigantic

task, I should not have cared to have taken the responsibility of encouraging him.

As regards the question whether Amundsen had a right to enter into a field of research which had already been the territory of the exploration of others, I am certain that the President of the Royal Geographical Society expressed the feeling of the British nation when he said that no explorer obtains any vested right merely by exploration, and that all foreign competition on the Antarctic continent should be welcomed wherever it appeared. This is in full accordance with the canon of the scientific world universally recognized in all scientific research.

Our aim is to increase our knowledge, and the object of geographical expeditions such as these is the exploration of the still unknown parts of our globe. If one expedition penetrates into an unknown region, it is well; if two penetrate into it, it is still better. To us the individuals, or whoever may come first, are only of passing interest; the main thing is to obtain as full and reliable information as possible about the unknown regions.

It must also be remembered that the bases of operations of Scott and Amundsen lie far apart, there being about the same distance between them as between Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph Land. I am certain that not even the keenest monopolist would venture to suggest that it would be unfair to go to Franz Joseph Land on an expedition in quest of the North Pole, because another expedition with the same object in view was already on its way to Spitzbergen.

It is beyond doubt that such an excellent explorer as Captain Scott, with his carefully equipped expedition, will return with results of very high scientific value; but, on the other hand, Captain Amundsen, by journeying through another region, will most cer-

tainly bring back valuable information of unknown tracts quite independent of Scott. I therefore think that students of the Polar problems have great reason to rejoice that two such eminent

*The Times.*

explorers are at work simultaneously in the South, as their discoveries and observations will supplement each other, and the value of each will thus be greatly increased.

## THE SCANDALOUS AFFAIR OF MY UMBRELLA.

It was no article of costly make,  
Fashioned of silk and ebony and gold  
(The kind that careless men are apt to take),  
It was not even very neatly rolled.  
Still it was my ewe lamb. And when I found  
The place untenanted where erst it stood  
I told my sorrows to the wainscot round, \*  
I said some things that nearly warped the wood.  
I cried aloud to the Olympian gods  
And all the shadowy powers that rule the air  
To punish him that did this deed with rods—  
I also spoke to the commissionaire.  
I said, "This was the apple of my eye,  
Bought when a boyish heart was clean of doubt;  
I loved the little windows where the sky  
Came peeping through when it was opened out.  
To some their silken hats are dear, to some  
Their overcoats of astrakhan or fur,  
To me my ombrifuge, my childhood's chum."  
He said, "I will inquire about it, Sir."  
Alas! I have no hopes. But this, oh this,  
Is what annoys me most about the thing:  
I fondly deemed, if e'er I came to miss  
The well-known handle, the fauilliar spring,  
Whate'er might be the chances of the change,  
Whatever substituted gamp I bore,  
Chill to the grasp, and comfortless and strange,  
In *value* I was simply bound to score.  
Some elder poet, fired with heavenly flame,  
Might leave his thyrsus with the gilded knob,  
And brandish mine unconscious till he came  
Home to his flat and then be vexed—the snob!  
Or I myself, through want of proper care,  
Might fail to localize my gingham roof,  
And seize some editor's of samite rare,  
Crusted with chrysoprased—and waterproof.  
But now these hopes have crumbled into dust.  
Cursed be the man who took beyond recall  
The ancient shelter of a bardic crust,  
And never brought *his* brolly here at all.

*Punch.*

*Eroc.*

## THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

The French Government will have to walk very delicately if they mean to avoid an expensive, long, and harassing campaign in Morocco on the one hand, and new diplomatic worries in Europe on the other. The news from Fez is slender and exasperatingly contradictory. It might be reasonably said that there is no need for France to send an expedition to Fez to protect her nationals; yet it cannot be proved that her nationals are not in want of protection. They may or may not be. All that is certain is that the Sultan, Mulai Hafid, has asked for French help and that the French Government have sent a flying column. This act is in itself perfectly defensible and, we think, in the circumstances necessary. By the Act of Algeciras France and Spain were recognized as having special interests in Morocco, and, by the permission to police certain seaboard towns, were practically appointed the custodians of public order in Morocco on behalf of Europe. The Sultan is, no doubt, a very bad Sultan, but he is not many degrees worse than any other possible Sultan; and if he were deposed there would be temporary chaos at Fez, very likely a massacre of his hated dependents, and Morocco generally would fall into a worse state than ever. It is, therefore, an axiom of French policy to support the reigning Sultan. We cannot see any excuse for the frequent misunderstanding of this policy, which is simple and obvious. There is no question of interfering with and manipulating unnecessarily Moorish affairs. When Abdul-Aziz was Sultan, he had French support; when he was deposed by the clear will of his people, French support was transferred to the new Sultan, his brother, Mulai Hafid. If France and Spain did not use the reigning Sultan

as the instrument of such law and order as can be maintained in Morocco, Germany would be justified in saying that they were not good custodians on behalf of Europe; that the Algeciras Act was a failure and that it must be reversed. France, in brief, is faced by a most difficult dilemma. She must do something, but she must not do too much; she must show that she is not an indifferent custodian, yet she must not provoke German jealousy or let herself be drawn by half-unconscious stages into a profitless and hazardous military adventure. It is quite impossible to define the limits of legitimate action in such a difficult case. France must be guided by circumstances, but we hope sincerely for her sake that she will think twice, and even thrice, before committing herself to a campaign in Morocco of which no one could foresee the end.

The military facts at present are these. The Sultan is loosely besieged by rebellious tribes at Fez, where he has not enough ammunition to hold out long if the siege should be seriously pressed. Nor can he reckon on the loyalty of his garrison. Colonel Mangin, of the French Military Mission at Fez, no doubt gives the Sultan excellent advice, but it is not always accepted. Major Brémont, who, with his *mahalla*, had been posted several miles north of Fez, has returned to Fez without getting the food supplies from Alcazar which he had been awaiting. This is the situation which France is trying to turn in favor of the Sultan. A flying column of some thousands of men under Colonel Brulard, has been despatched from the coast towards Fez, and this column will be followed by a *harka* of natives, which may, or may not, be of some use, probably not. The lines of com-

munication between Rabat and Fez will be kept open by the French—this alone will require a considerable number of troops—and there will, of course, always be a force available on the Algerian frontier, though the French are under a self-denying ordinance not to advance from this quarter unless it is absolutely necessary to do so.

On the whole, we think the danger of France getting at loggerheads again with Germany about Morocco is less than the danger of becoming involved by insensible stages in a large military undertaking. The sanction under which France acts in Morocco is not derived solely from the Act of Algéiras. There was also the Franco-German arrangement of September, 1900, by which Germany abandoned her pre-Algéciras policy of sticking pins into France, and frankly admitted that it was for the good of Europe that France should take the chief part in supervising Morocco. We fancy that Germany has no desire to return to the pre-Algéciras policy. She found that it did not serve the purpose she had imagined; that it brought her an inconvenient amount of unpopularity in Europe, and that it would, therefore, be wise to drop it. We may even surmise that her present policy is the exact reverse. She knows that a France fixing all her attention on affairs in Morocco would be a quiet, uncritical France, without the leisure or the heart to watch the doings of her neighbors very closely. It was characteristic of Bismarck to purchase immunity from foreign criticism for some of his plans by marked conciliation in respect of other plans where the German will might have been expected to clash with foreign ambitions. Thus in 1878 he encouraged France to occupy herself with Tunis, and later he was anxious that Great Britain should be

*The Spectator.*

allowed to plunge her hands deeply into Egyptian affairs.

Remembering those facts, we hazard the suggestion that Germany having abandoned her old policy has done so definitely. If this be so, France should be particularly careful not to rush excitedly along a path which is made attractively easy for her. "Peaceful penetration" is a comforting phrase. But it is to be remembered that the most peaceful of penetrators often have to be protected by armed force. Nor would it be wise to back the Sultan through thick and thin, however great his foolishness or his need of aid. To help him to pull his chestnuts out of the fire at a critical moment is one thing, but to make his policy deliberately identical with French policy is quite another. No Sultan who depends habitually on foreign support can be expected to sit securely on the throne of Morocco, so that a thick-and-thin support of Mulai Hafid would mean keeping an army of occupation indefinitely in the country. Morocco, again, is a difficult field for military operations, and if a *jihad* were preached against the foreigner tens of thousands of Frenchmen would soon be engaged in a war of extremely doubtful prospect. Such a campaign would react most injuriously on the condition of the French army at home, for a modern Continental army is a delicate machine easily thrown out of gear by the drain of a foreign expedition. So far, as we have said, France has done nothing but what her obligations to her own people and to Europe required her to do, but at any moment—by a serious French reverse, for example—she might be brought face to face with the question how much farther she is to go, and then will be the occasion for prudence and restraint.

## THE DRAMA OF THE INSECTS.

A country vicar in rearranging his greenhouse found, in the space between two boxes, hundreds and almost thousands of neat round snippets of rose leaves arranged in a beautiful order that he seemed to regard as fortuitous, for he sent them to someone who might know about them, asking whether this was the work of mice. Only once, and that many years ago, the writer saw the leaf-cutting bee at work snipping out these neat ellipses and circles. Every year and in almost every garden that has a rose tree, the snippets vanish while we are not looking, and the holes remain in earnest of the insect's industry. Once again, the bee was seen flying across the garden with the leaf coin held between her legs. She was traced to a neighboring wall, into a hole of which she quickly dragged her treasure. All this and more could be seen on almost any summer afternoon by anyone who went into the garden with the same determination to see higher beings than he has to see the flowers. In this magnum opus of the bee, exhumed by our country vicar, we can see the exact respective use of the elliptical and the circular bits of leaf, and perhaps see, as former observers have persuaded themselves they did, why the bee chooses always leaves that have notched edges.

To a Surrey garden there comes every year a bee that nests in a hole in a larch post. It brings from a pine wood bits of resin which it masses in the sun on the top of its post. When the sun has hardened it, softened it, mellowed it, or otherwise exactly fitted it to the bee's needs, it takes it into the hole. Then there is the insect described by White in these words:—"It is very pleasant to see with what address it strips off the pubes, running

from the top to the bottom of a branch (of the Garden Camplon) and shaving it bare with the dexterity of a hoop shaver; when it has got a vast bundle, almost as large as itself, it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and forelegs." Literature and life abound with such scraps of inevitable observation, but England has not bred an investigator who will give to the world a true and sympathetic account of our wilder insects at home. Perhaps it needs more humbleness of mind than we are commonly capable of. The picture arises of a man down on his knees in the garden watching for something to happen in the burrow of a mole cricket. He is more apt to wonder what he looks like than to look at things from the mole cricket's point of view, and then he is not likely to stay down long enough to see much of importance. He will take the insect indoors and dissect it under the microscope, and tell you all about it in that way.

Two books just published by the Librairie Ch. Delagrave, "*La Vie des Insectes*" and "*Mœurs des Insectes*," contain a very rich selection from the works of that prince of observers, M. J. H. Fabre. Here is a monument of thorough-going, ungrudging industry, conferring its own greatness on its subject, however small the world may count it. The naturalist pays the truest tribute to the instinct or skill of the insect by matching his own reason and resources against them, and holding up the result to the laughter of the reader.

For the purposes of his classic observation on the way in which the *Cerceris* paralyzes her prey, he needed a few beetles of one particular species preyed upon by that wasp. He says:—"Vine fields of Lucerne, corn fields,

moors, screes, road-sides I visited, I scrutinized; and after two mortal days of minute search, I was the possessor, dare I say I was the possessor, of three *Charençons*, worn and frayed, soiled with dust, short of antennæ or of legs, old soldiers that no self-respecting *Cerceris* would look at." When the wasp herself wants her own particular beetle, she just goes away for about five minutes and comes back with a nice fresh plump one, as though she had a private preserve of them close by. She finds them by hundreds, says the author, while he in many years has not found what their particular habitat is.

However, the *Cerceris* did condescend to operate on the beetles when they were substituted for those she had captured for herself, stinging them exactly between the first and second pairs of legs, and in the winking of an eye the prey was insensible, inert without being dead, and ready to go off to the larder. The naturalist tried in vain to imitate her, with the finest of needles and all the chemicals of the pharmacopœia. With all the surgical knowledge furnished by a dissection, he can do no better than kill the beetle, whereas the wasp leaves it alive till its grub has eaten almost the last of it.

Our own investigator of insect home life, if we are to have one, must be born with such a gift of humor as Fabre has. It is a humor that lifts his narratives out of the ruck of mere description without forfeiting anything of their exactness. It soars far beyond the fallacy of anthropomorphism; it clothes the actors in his insect dramas with personality without postulating for them any more consciousness than the sourest scientist would give them. In a preliminary article on the cicada, the long-held futility of the fable of the ant and the "cigale" is exposed and reversed. By chance it has come nearer truth in our country,

simply because we have no cicadas, and must therefore substitute the grasshopper for the insect labelled by the Greeks. We are shown that the ant is a shameless sponger on the cicada, worrying it as it sips the sugary juices from the well it has dug through the bark, till with a most convincing expression of contempt the cicada moves on and leaves the fruit of its labor in the possession of the "industrious" ant. Comedy relieves the wonderful craftsmanship of the sacred beetle. Enterprising beetles, instead of collecting their own globes of provender, wait till others are beginning to roll home their own, and then join them as volunteers. "If the vigilance of the owner fall, one will get off with the treasure; if the watch is too close, then share and share alike. Either way it pays." The owner sometimes stands on the top of her ball, daring the other to take it from her. She merely goes on pushing, and down comes the passenger. If helper and owner fall out and the helper happens to prove the stronger beetle, why then the other must go and get another ball.

The operation practised by some moth-collectors and known as "semling" yields its meed of wonder. Not much for investigation here. A smell that we cannot perceive draws from all quarters, and seemingly for miles, the males of some species of moths to the place where a single female waits them. Forty males of the Emperor Moth were thus drawn to a newly hatched female in M. Fabre's house, and a still more astonishing assembling took place with a species so rare that he and his helpers had only managed to find one specimen in the district in the course of three years. Without any elaborate apparatus, by perfectly obvious means and at last helped by pure accident, the observer manages to find out as nearly as may



be the laws of this striking example of the appeal of like to like.

It may be said sometimes that M. Fabre has the advantage of a larger and more interesting insect world to investigate than we have. The field is still wider and more dramatic in America, where Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, almost alone, have done much work, leaning heavily, however, on the French naturalist. Our own insect world is very little if at all behind that of any single country of Europe. We have some two hundred of the solitary bees, which is the class that has yielded most wonders to the investigation of this French naturalist. We have wasps that carry off caterpillars, spiders, grasshoppers, and one that preys even on the honey-bee. There are cuckoo-bees of wonderful similarity to their hosts, and others that seem to have no feature in common. The relationships between a pair of the lat-

The Nation.

ter description are full of mystery. Sometimes the cuckoo-ship has been denied, and the industry of the alleged cuckoo, after much doubt, has been more or less proved. There are plenty of open problems to be solved concerning the dealings of the rather large genus *Nomada* with the much larger genus *Andrena*. Is *Nomada* suffered as a watch-dog that will keep off worse plagues, such as the jewel flies? Does she merely annex the food that has been gathered? Does her grub sometimes share it on fair terms, or is it a thorough-paced cuckoo? All the rewards of the entomologist cannot be even guessed in advance, because there are fields of observation in which the first glance has not been taken. There are a million tragedies, comedies, and dramas being played hour by hour under our very noses, and for the most part we have not the least suspicion that they exist.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Marion Crawford's talent was far from being at its best in his stories of the supernatural, but few contemporary writers can rival them, and readers with a craving for the weird and ghastly will welcome the volume in which seven have been collected under the title "Wandering Ghosts." Most of them have appeared in magazine form already, but together they seem to intensify one another and to produce an effect of cumulative horror. "Man Overboard" and "The Upper Berth" are, of course, sailors' yarns; "The Screaming Skull" shrieks of murder; "The Dead Smile" is an odious story of lust and hate; "For the Blood is the Life" holds a suggestion of the vampire. But "The Doll's Ghost" is a pretty fantasy, and in "By the Waters of Paradise" the evil spell is broken and love

turns bitter waters sweet. The Macmillan Co.

"Abroad with the Fletchers," by Jane Felton Sampson (L. C. Page & Co.), is a vivacious narrative of a European tour, along familiar lines,—from Boston to Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, southern Germany, Holland, Paris, London, Scotland, and the English lake region. The Fletchers are an uncouth rural couple from some remote village who are members of the small party of which the accomplished "Professor" is guide, mentor and friend; and some diverting personal experiences and descriptions and a slender,—very slender,—thread of romance impart a certain interest to the narrative. There are a number of illustrations of scenes by the way.

The mystery in William Le Queux's latest detective story, "The Red Room," gathers about the murder of a distinguished English scientist who is found dead in his laboratory, his features unrecognizable through the effect of a corrosive acid, and his safe rifled of important papers relating to experiments in hardening steel for armor-plate. The chief figure is Kershaw Kirk, a secret-service man of high grade, and the garage-owner whom he tries to train to play Watson to his Sherlock Holmes is the narrator. Ingeniously planned and full of startling situations, the book will be a success with the class of readers for whom it was written. Little, Brown & Co.

In "Prince and Chauffeur," a Russian prince in the secret service of his government, a lieutenant of the United States Navy masquerading as a chauffeur, a multi-millionaire who refuses to buy a husband for his daughter, the ambitious wife who has already ordered the prospective son-in-law sent home on inspection, the charming daughter whose caprice may tip the scale, and the new torpedo that rivals the helress in the affections of the two younger men—all play their parts against a Newport background under the dextrous management of Lawrence Perry, the author of "Dan Merrithew," "Two Tramps," etc. Though the types are familiar, they are always popular, and the accessories are picturesquely and effectively arranged. A. C. McClurg & Co.

His most appreciative American admirer could hardly have written more intelligently or more enthusiastically of Theodore Roosevelt's career than Max Kullnick has done in his volume "From Rough Rider to President." The author is a German, writing for Germans, and the present edition of his book is a translation by Prof. Frederick von

Reithdorf of Monmouth, Illinois. Dr. Kullnick gives some account of Mr. Roosevelt's boyhood and his years at college, and then passes in review his public career as member of the New York legislature, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of New York city, an office which Dr. Kullnick, by a not unnatural error, describes as "chief of police," as governor of New York, as vice-president and as president, and also as colonel of the "Rough Riders" in the war in Cuba. The translator has done his work well; and American readers will find the book, in its present form, a graphic and stirring bit of biography. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Captain R. K. Beecham's volume on "Gettysburg, the Pivotal Battle of the Civil War" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a narrative vivid with memories of personal experience, yet surprisingly well-proportioned and free from any suggestion of egotism. Captain Beecham commanded a company in the Second Wisconsin regiment, which helped to hold Seminary Ridge in the first day of the great battle, and in so doing lost a larger percentage of dead and wounded than any other regiment. He witnessed and participated in the whole of the three-days' battle; and now, his memory re-enforced by patient and laborious study of the records of both armies and the descriptions of earlier writers, and by recent visits to the battlefield, he tells the story of the battle in its larger aspects and significance, and comments freely upon the mistakes which were made on both sides. It is a graphic story, which will be read with special interest just now when public attention is turning anew to every incident of the great struggle which opened fifty years ago. A map of the battlefield and portraits of the commanders on either side illustrate the book.

To Professor Richard G. Moulton, whose work in the editing and annotation of "The Modern Reader's Bible" has made his name an household word, we are indebted for a comprehensive and extremely interesting survey of "World Literature," prepared with a view to emphasizing and illustrating the essential unity of literature. Professor Moulton aims at the realization of world literature from the English point of view and the selection of literature entering into this conception. He includes first in his survey the "Five Literary Bibles" as he calls them: The Holy Bible; Classical Epic and Tragedy; Shakespeare; Dante and Milton; and Versions of the Story of Faust; and adds chapters on Collateral Studies in World Literature; Comparative Reading; Literary Organs of Personality, as found in essays and lyrics; and Strategic Points in Literature, with special reference to the correlation of literature with literature. As an aid to systematic as against desultory and haphazard reading, and as a guide to the proper appreciation of relative values, this work can hardly be too highly estimated. The Macmillan Company.

Seldom does a novelist touch successfully so many aspects of the life of the day as Henry Sydney Harrison in "Queed." Does one want a capital newspaper story with a dash of practical politics thrown in? "Queed" is the book for him. A sympathetic picture of the development of the New South, with one of its gayest, brightest, bravest daughters for heroine? He must get "Queed." A series of clever sketches of boarding-house life, with an unexpected touch of pathos added by the death of the landlady's little daughter? "Queed" will make him smile and sigh. A leisurely, but fascinating, love-story, with not a questionable suggestion or "problem" on

one of its four hundred pages? He can yield himself to the spell of "Queed" with perfect confidence. An odd and original character study, developing an intensely narrow young student of sociology whose cosmos is all ego, as the heroine tells him with the candor of heroines, into a hero better entitled to the name than ninety-nine out of a hundred that one meets in fiction? "Queed" will just suit his taste. A first novel with a quality and atmosphere that many writers counted successful have never achieved? He will discover "Queed" with the keenest pleasure and satisfaction. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Lee Meriwether's "Seeing Europe by Automobile" (The Baker & Taylor Company) is a particularly timely volume just now, when so many Americans are taking or planning a European trip after the new fashion. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Meriwether "did" Europe on foot, at the modest cost of fifty cents a day, and he wrote so diverting an account of his experiences as to lay the foundations of a literary success which, perhaps, helped to make this second trip possible. But he has not lost all instincts of frugality, and in his present narrative he is at pains to give practical suggestions as to equipment, cost of gasoline, hotels, etc., for the guidance of motorists who are not possessed of unlimited means. He was his own chauffeur on his trip and was able to travel over 5,000 miles at a total cost of but a little more than \$500 for boxing, ocean freight, repairs, oil, tires and gasoline. His route took him through parts of France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and the Island of Corfu; and he writes of all that he saw and the experiences he passed through with a keen zest which makes his book a record far removed from the ordinary book of

travel. His automobile was christened the "Get-There" and it was certainly well named. Thirty or more full-page illustrations from photographs add to the book's attractiveness.

In "The Incas of Peru," Sir Clements R. Markham presents, in a group of essays, so related as to constitute, in effect, a continuous narrative, the fruits of many years of study and personal observation in a fascinating field of research. It was when a naval cadet, a lad of fourteen, that the author first saw the land of the Incas. He fell under its spell at once. This glimpse led him to an eager perusal of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," and that, in turn, to a visit to the historian, and the undertaking of an expedition to supplement Prescott's researches. Again, some years later, he was engaged in Peru in plans for introducing the cultivation of the various species of quinine-yielding chinchona trees from South America into India. During the intervening years he has continued the study of all available authorities on Inca history and civilization. Now, at the age of eighty, he has gathered the fruits of all these studies into this volume, which constitutes an admirable supplement to Prescott's history, and is written in so fresh and engaging a style as to appeal to the general reader quite as much as to the special student. In an appendix he presents a free translation of a drama of the times of the Incas, about the year 1470, first reduced to writing three hundred years later. The book is very satisfactorily indexed and contains a large map and sixteen full-page illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story of unusual quality and power is "The Valley Captives" by R. Macaulay, a writer new to the American public, though he has already published two books, "The Furnace" and "The Secret River." The valley lies on the

western edge of Wales, a secluded, remote, and lovely country between hills and sea, and the captives, to quote one of the most introspective and analytic, "lead a narrow, corner life, stuffy, materialistic, stodgy." Imprisoned most hopelessly of all are the household of Oliver Vallon, a clever, cynical, ineffective man, whose wife's death leaves him with a son and daughter on his indolent, irresponsible hands, and who follows the path of least resistance in letting himself be married by Mrs. Bodger, the widow of a comfortable coal-merchant. Mrs. Bodger brings a boy and girl of her own to complicate the situation, and the melancholy development of Tudor Vallon's sensitive, high-strung temper under the bullying of the heavy and coarse young Bodger furnishes the thread which holds together a narrative simple enough in construction but of keen and tense interest. With no help from a father too ease-loving to interfere, unable to escape the tyranny of his step-brother in their school-days, a pre-destined failure at the university, without means or encouragement to follow the art which might have been his salvation, young Vallon drops suddenly and hopelessly into the routine of a poor country-squire's son, conscious of his wasted talents, haunted by ambition and regret, and thrown continually into the companionship of the man for whom he still feels the old fear, joined with an ever-growing contempt and hate. Only tragedy can be the outcome. But the writer's philosophy—of which the book gives many glimpses—is not unrelieved pessimism, and the story ends on a note of hope, almost of triumph. Brilliantly written, showing a wide familiarity with phases of current thought and a shrewdness of observation tempered wholesomely with sympathy, the book will leave many critics watching eagerly for its successor. Henry Holt & Co.